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P O E M S,

AND

TALES IN VERSE.

BY

MRS. ÆNEAS LAMONT.

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CONTENTS.

	Page
THE BLUSH.....	1
Hope and Love. An Allegory.....	4
The Withered Leaf.....	9
On the Revival of the Irish Harp.....	15
The Verdant Leaf.....	19
Simplicity.....	23
To Eliza.....	27
Melancholy Moments.....	30
Recantation. — To Eliza... ..	33
To a Friend.....	36
The Reed.....	38
The Dream.....	41
The Glance.....	45
Love.....	47
My Husband.....	50
Verses written in a Grove.....	56
The Boy and the Butterfly.....	61
The Waning Moon.....	64
Pat's Salutation.....	69

	Page
To Him who said he had no Home	71
Song	73
Song.....	74
Song	76

TALES.

Elopement; or, The Court Martial.....	79
Dympna : an Irish Legend.....	155



P O E M S, &c.

THE BLUSH.

MORE lovely than the rose's flush,
More touching than soft music's charms,
Is timid woman's feeling blush,
When aught the conscious soul alarms.

O Nature! thou, and thou alone,
Canst soften, melt us, and refine!
One genuine touch each heart must own—
Th' enchanting blush is truly thine.

"Tis Love's own eloquence ! which speaks

Directly from, and to, the heart :

Portraying on the modest cheeks

What trembling lips dare not impart.

For Love cold reasoning still disdains,

Nor waits for words his power to show,

But, potent, rushes through the veins,

Triumphant on the face to glow !

Bright harbinger from Feeling's source !

Morn's crimson glow, Eve's tints, are fine ;

We feel, we own their beauty's force,

But, ah ! we feel them not like thine !

Thou speak'st from *moral Beauty's* store,

Speak'st truth and virtue in the heart,

And sentiments deep in its core,

Which language, weak, can ne'er impart.

O glowing thoughts, and feelings warm !

Ye that the sacred blush inspire,

Quit not, O never quit this form,

Lest Virtue languish and expire !

HOPE AND LOVE.

AN ALLEGORY.

WHEN guilt had first provok'd the wrath of Heaven
And wretched man from Paradise was driven,
Onward he moved with tottering steps and slow,
While every gesture spoke remorse and woe :
Dejected melancholy marked his air,
His darkened features clouded by despair ;
Without one cheering thought to sooth his breast,
He wandered forth to seek a place of rest.
All nature seemed his deep distress to share,
The skies were gloomy, heavy felt the air ;
The flocks no more their wonted sports pursued,
Nor birds, that joyless morn, their songs renewed.
An awe-struck silence every creature kept,
Save, that alternately, Eve sighed and wept.

Wearied at length in body and in mind,
They, on a bank, their languid limbs reclined ;
When Adam thus th' oppressive silence broke,
Amid deep sighs and groans the mourner spoke :
" O, thou great Power ! who mad'st us as we are,
And taught'st us to expect thy guardian care,
In pity take the life thy love bestowed ;
Without thy favour, grievous is the load.
Thy threatened death we earnestly implore,
O ! let us sink to sleep and wake no more."
As thus he breathed his thoughts in impious prayer,
The heavens grew lighter, purer felt the air,
A glorious vision bless'd his wondering sight,
Array'd in silv'ry robes of ambient light,
A female form, surpassing all that's fair,
Her charms divine her heavenly birth declare :
Our sire beheld with rapture and surprise,
The piercing brightness of her radiant eyes ;

Her graceful brows adorned with opening flowers,
Breathing the fragrance of celestial bowers;
Her wings of azure, tinged with gold behind,
Like sun-gilt clouds, that sail along the wind;
While o'er her form a softening veil was thrown,
Through which each beauty more attractive shone;
Her snowy hand led forth a cherub child,
In whose bright face perpetual pleasure smiled;
As soft they tread, fresh flow'rets kiss their feet,
And birds with rapturous notes their presence greet.
Arrived — the fair one Adam thus addressed,
Her tones harmonious thrilled his gladd'ning breast:
“ Cease, mortal, thus to blame thy Maker's plan,
All heaven admires his wondrous love to man;
Behold he sends us from the realms above,
My name is Hope, this beauteous child is Love:
We come to ease thy cares, to soothe thy strife,
And soften all the rugged paths of life;

To all thy race our blessings shall extend,
But chief the virtuous ever most befriend,
With this celestial child to them is given
A foretaste of those joys prepared in heaven,
While I that heaven shall place before their eyes,
Attend through life, and guide them to the skies.”
Here ceased her balmy words — but to his heart
They peace, and joy, and gratitude impart.
Mean-time fair Eve had caught the lovely boy,
And prest him in her arms with matron joy;
Eas’d her reclining head upon his breast;
And, like an infant, smiled herself to rest.
Enraptured Adam viewed her o’er and o’er,
And saw new beauties, still unmarked before,
Then sunk beside her, and in sweet repose
Forgot awhile his blessings and his woes.
Morn’s ruddy streaks soon chased the balmy night,
The glorious sun shed floods of golden light;

Young Nature, vigorous from her short repose,
Her grateful incense, heavenward, smiling throws!
All creatures wake to life, to peace and joy,
And various powers in pleasing cares employ :
The glittering insects hum their matin song,
Unnumbered birds their joyful hymn prolong ;
The pearly dew falls off, in fragrant showers,
From spangled beds of brilliant opening flowers:
Last, man awakes, fresh as the new-born day,
While Love and Hope within his bosom play :
From that blest morn, no more he turns his eyes
With lingering gaze, toward Eden's happy skies ;
No more regrets those lovely, blissful seats,
But, cheered by Hope's gay scenes, his fortune me
Feels now his Paradise within his mind ;
Gives Heaven the praise, and meets its will resign'

THE WITHERED LEAF.

STANZAS CONCEIVED DURING A WALK THROUGH
A WOOD.

TH' autumnal sky is richly glowing,
Sol in crimson shrouds his head,
Ocean back the splendour throwing,
All the West with gold has spread :

Evening gay, her veil unfurling,
Blithe and healthful, now steals on ;
Rustling winds the dry leaves whirling ;
Ah ! the summer breeze has flown.

Thanks ! O thanks from vale and city !
Pour the song, ye nations round !
God upon his Earth has pity —
Gifts of love and peace abound.

On his bounty grateful musing,
As I pace the yellow grove,
Autumn sombre thoughts diffusing,
Autumn's mellow tints I love.

Every sweeping blast that's blowing
Bears the leafy honours down;
Late so green and graceful growing,
Now around me careless thrown.

Changed in colour, dry, and blighted
From the stem that gave ye birth,
Now unkindly disunited,
Scatter'd o'er the greedy earth:

Yearly thus you bud and flourish,
Proudly waving to the sky,
Then, that parent Earth to nourish,
Fading on her bosom lie.

Man, for whom you form a shelter,
Grateful, in the blaze of day, —
He beneath whose feet you welter, —
Must he fade, like you, away ?

Thought—sad thought! my mind's adherent,
On Life's tree are men the leaves ?
Do they fall to feed that parent
Who her offspring all receives ?

Years and ages o'er them rolling,
Springing still to fade away ;
Each memento feebly tolling —
“ Man, thy works and thou decay !”

Cease, dark thought, nor thus torment me ;
How my soul shrinks back in grief! —
Almost blames the Power that sent me,
Whirl'd in air, a withering leaf.

Oh, no — cease not — in supiness,
Weakly now the subject 's view'd ;
My soul assert thy own divineness,
Be the moral lay pursued.

Man has sojourned here for ages,
Yet what traces left behind ?
Frail memorials — blotted pages —
Mortal body — mortal mind !

Why then sighs this mortal creature ?
Why still something seem to miss ?
Tantalized by cruel Nature,
Vainly straining after bliss.

Bliss ! — bright thought ! — great panacea !
Whose conception gains the skies !
Could *mortal mind* e'er form th' idea —
Believe in Heav'n, and claim the prize ?

See the conqueror, man, elated,
Crushing — saving — by his nod ;
High aloft in triumph seated,
Issuing mandates like a god.

Yet, within his bosom burning,
Thoughts beyond this narrow sphere ;
All its little grandeur spurning —
Proudly whisper, “ Home ’s not here ! ”

Said I, man exists for ages,
Yet no traces leaves behind ?
View what now the heart assuages —
View the trophies of his *mind*.

View his mighty arts and science,
Almost of himself afraid ;
Gods, he says, have join’d alliance,
Angels sometimes lent him aid :

Earth, sea, air, he roves insatiate ;
Through the heav'ns his mind takes flight
There does boundless space expatiate,
Borne on countless worlds of light :

Looks within, and reads each feeling,
Love, and hope, and joy, and grief;
Gleams of rapture sometimes stealing ;
Say, is man a *Withering Leaf*?

Wisdom, knowledge, virtue, growing
Humbler still, while Earth is trod ;
His dependence feeling, knowing,
Low he bows before his God.

Leaf, whose sweetness now allures me,
If to deck Earth's breast thou'rt given,
Such a leaf, my soul assures me,
Withers there to bloom in Heaven.

*The following VERSES were written in the Year
1809, when an Attempt was made in Belfast to
revive the ANCIENT HARP of IRELAND.*

“ O WHY, sons of Erin, abroad should you roam

For aught that existence can cheer ?

In what soil do the warm social feelings so bloom,

Or where grow the virtues that spring not at home ?

Ah ! stay then, and cherish them here !

“ O, Erin ! my mother, raise up thy sad head,

Again shall thy harp be new strung ;

Those chords, which so long have lain rusting and dead,

Shall again o’er the soul their sweet melody shed,

As by Feeling’s own touch they are rung.

“ Arise, from thy cheek wipe the fond anxious tear,
Resume thy maternal soft smile;
No longer shall hatred and strife be found here,
But Concord's bright beams every bosom shall cheer,
And bless with their influence our isle.

“ Thy harp, softly soothing, dear Erin! shall charm
Each harmonized feeling to peace;
Its thrills, thro' the breast, native kindness shall warm,
Fraternal affection our souls shall inform,
And turbulent passions shall cease.

“ Joy! light-hearted joy, every care shall beguile,
As gaily she wakes the glad strain;
Sweet peace and contentment shall bless the swain's toil;
Love and hope shall bestow an enrapturing smile,
As they sport o'er the gay sunny plain.

“ The Bards in their glory again shall be seen,
To Erin and sentiment dear;
Kind Nature shall fondly embellish the scene,
And shower on her own favoured Island of green
Each blessing that life can endear.

“ Simplicity o’er the green hills shall advance,
In ecstasy bounding along;
Pure innocence often shall join the light dance,
And rosy-breathed beauty our souls shall entrance,
To her harp sighing soft the love song.

“ Then why, sons of Erin, abroad should you roam
For aught that existence can cheer?
In what soil do the warm social feelings so bloom,
Or where grow the virtues that spring not at home?
O, stay then and cherish them here.”

Thus the last aged minstrel rung forth the bold pe

By the love of his country inspired !

His accents were borne on the soft passing gale,

Each true patriot bosom applauded O'Neil,

By the souls of his ancestors fired !

Erin rose from her rock by the sea-beaten shore,

Where long she had murmured unheard ;

A fresh gathered wreath of green shamrock she w

Which from her bright temples in transport she

And exultingly crowned her old bard !

Delighted—enraptured—her mild kindling eyes

In fancy the old minstrel saw !

He struck a bold peal, that her joy might arise,

And echoing afar o'er the wide distant skies,

Resounded bold *Erin go bragh !*

THE VERDANT LEAF.

Now Nature shuddering in the blast,
With scowling eye by gloom o'ercast,
And frozen bosom bared,
Lies stiff'ning in her shroud of snow,
Her vital streams have ceased to flow,
She seems for death prepared ;
Her creatures clinging to her breast
In soul appalling fear,
Deep in the tempest's rage express'd,
Her nightly wailings hear ;
Then fearfully, and tearfully,
They cast their eyes around,
Their bosoms chilled, with horror filled,
In gloom their hearts are drowned.

Mortals in sable garb arrayed*,
All nature lends your sorrows aid
In sympathizing gloom ;
No cheerful ray your grief impedes,
No sunbeam glittering mocks your weed
Or plays upon the tomb.
Throughout the brown and leafless grove
A death-like silence reigns,
No warbler tunes its notes of love
O'er all our dreary plains ;
No fragrant flowers, no shady bowers,
Invite us forth to stray ;
The vivid green no more is seen,
O'er hill or valley gay.

* Written during the time of general mourning
lamented death of the late Princess Charlotte.

Then let us inward turn our eyes,
And view what prospects *there* arise,

What verdure *there* may bloom.—
Does no sweet bud of bliss appear,
Whose fragrance can the senses cheer,
And dissipate the gloom?

O, there a lovely leaf I view!

A leaf for ever green,
Whose balm distils in heavenly dew,
O'er all the soul serene!
My screen it forms, from worldly storms
It canopies my head;
In Summer's heat a cool retreat
Beneath its shade is spread.

This sovereign balm for mental strife,
Once flourished on the tree of life,

In Eden's garden fair;
Transplanted to the Christian heart,
When pure that soil, its sweets impart
The bliss of Eden there!
O what to me life's trivial cares!
Or transient mortal joys?
This strength'ning balm my spirit bears
Above all earthly toys!
Deep in my soul its odours roll,
Assuaging every grief;
My heart's sweet bud, *the Love of God*,
Its ever verdant leaf!

SIMPLICITY.



COME, dear Eliza, let us walk;
 And if thou 'lt hear my idle talk,
 I'll tell thee whom I would invite
 To visit in my rural bower;
 In whose society, delight
 To spend, in converse sweet, an hour;
 And here our tastes will, sure, agree,
 For thou, too, lov'st Simplicity.

I would not have the vainly gay
 Within my rustic bounds to stray;
 Nor those who value pomp and show,
 Or crowd the splendid midnight scene;
 Whose fleeting joys from grandeur flow,
 Who love not rural peace serene:

Such tastes and mine could ne'er agree,
For I love meek Simplicity.

I wish not for the sordid elf
Whose heart is centred in his pelf;
Nor he whose breast false glory fires,
Who wades through blood to gain reno
Or when Ambition's call inspires,
Would trample modest merit down :
All such may pass, nor stop with me,
They cannot love Simplicity.

But ye who love the rural scene
Of groves, and glades, and meadows green
Who love the gurgling of the stream,
Or love to saunter with a book ;
Or wrapt in sweet poetic dream
On Nature's charms with rapture look,

O! call and spend an hour with me,
For you, too, love Simplicity.

If thou lov'st the silent shade,
Where no passing steps invade;
If most at ev'ning's solemn hour
Thou lov'st to steal from noise and strife,
And feel calm Nature's genial power
To raise thy thoughts above this life:
O! I would be a *friend* to thee,
Because thou lov'st Simplicity.

If the bleat of flocks thou love,
And the warbling of the grove;
If thou love to steal along
By the margin of a stream,
List'ning to eve's latest song,
By the moon's mild lucid beam;

But Time's blest hand has sooth'd my mind,
I bow to Providence resign'd ;
Now seldom back I turn my view,
Lest scenes of grief awake anew :
And if they steal o'er Memory's eye,
I strive to check the rising sigh.

But say, Eliza, could'st thou bear,
To see thy only son *most dear*,
Whole years beneath the grasp of Death,
Just struggling to retain his breath:
Would tears not often dim thine eye,
Would'st thou not, as a mother, sigh ?

To bear, long nights, his weary head,
And each approaching minute dread ;
To see Death's image in that face,
Where dear lost features thou could'st trace.

To watch that mild benignant eye
So like his sire's, *O thou would'st sigh.*

I see that cheek, where roses blew,
Now shrunk, and of the lily's hue ;
And, oh ! past scenes float o'er my brain,
When in some interval of pain
I mark the witty prompt reply ;
My heart then heaves a double sigh.

Poor boy ! No father's eye meets thine,
No breast to sympathize, save mine ;
Unaided, trembling, and alone,
None to approve, if duty 's done ;
Then, ah ! no longer wonder why
The widow's lonely heart should sigh.

MELANCHOLY MOMENTS.

"O, madam, there are moments in which we live y^e
moments that steal the roses from the cheek of he
and plant deep furrows in the brow of care."

WHEN jostling with a world of care,
And struggling to sustain my part,
At times a prey to black despair,
I say within this aching heart,
"Oh that I had wings like a dove,
Then would I flee away and be at rest."

The freezing look by grandeur dealt,
The cold salute of heartless pride,
When, weakly sensitive, I've felt;
Within my wounded mind, I've cried,

wings like a dove,
flee away, and be at rest."

th blighting power,
e sinking heart;
ted hour,
e with thee I'd part,
wings like a dove,
flee away, and be at rest."

sing on the grave,
ove have sunk to rest,
n thought, I rave,
n this tortured breast,
ad wings like a dove,
I flee away, and be at rest."

Fancy, and all her dreams, have fled,
To me the world has nought to give ;
Even hope within my heart is dead,
Then wherefore should I wish to live ?
“ O that I had wings like a dove,
Then would I flee away, and be at re

Even now, my mental gloom redoubling
By care and grief at once oppressed. —
To “ where the wicked cease from troublin
And the weary are at rest.”
“ O that I had wings like a dove,
There would I flee away, and be at re

RECANTATION.

TO ELIZA.

AND, said I, that I stand alone;
 None to approve when duty's done?
 That all my dearest hopes were cross'd;
 That every stay, on earth, was lost;
 And that I still might heave the sigh,
 And bitter tears might swell my eye? —

O impious fool! where is thy God?
 Does he ne'er ease thy bosom's load?

Who cherishes thy infant brood
 With more than raiment, health, and food?
 Who, from his vast exhaustless stores,
 The light of knowledge on them pours?

And from his goodness, unconfined,
With virtue nourishes the mind ?
The " Father of the fatherless,"
Has he not ample power to bless ?

Is there a wretch whose bleeding heart,
Just sever'd from its dearest part,
Is writhing, anguish'd with the wound,
While deep ingulf'd in grief profound,
The soul distracted, through the gloom,
Beholds no object save the tomb ?
Bid her look up, for God on high
Will hear the widow's deep drawn sigh.

Is there a parent, bending o'er
Her hope, her darling, now *no more* ?
Not all her tears which dew his face,
One stiffen'd feature can release :

Alas! her second stay is gone,
 And now on earth she feels alone.
 To *Nature's Parent* lift thine eye;
 He will assuage a mother's sigh.

Are friends but few, is fortune gone;
 Are all thy dearest wishes flown?
 Where most thou'st trusted and believ'd,
 Say, hast thou there been most deceiv'd?
 Have worldly cares nigh broke thy heart,
 And hast thou pray'd with life to part?
 Raise! raise, poor wretch! thy soul on high,
 God "wipes the tear from every eye."

TO A FRIEND.



THOSE tender ties, then, must we break,
Which round our hearts mysterious twine ?
If more than friendship they bespeak,
Much less than love they sure combine.

Within thy breast my soul had found
A joyful sunny resting place ;
A world where storms no more abound,
But every prospect whisper'd peace.

Each virtue that my heart approved,
I fancied, or I found it there,
And there in confidence I roved,
And left this stormy world of care.

The mariner thus, by tempest tost,

Who long has sought his native home,

At length beholds the genial coast,

And vows, abroad no more to roam.

Still let my heart with thee repose,

From storms the trembler still defend —

Thy rest it will not discompose,

It asks but shelter and a friend.

THE REED.

“ Fell Sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.”

OH! question me not on the cause of my grief;
You cannot, dear friends, yield me any relief;
Your sympathy oft, and your kindness I've known,
But this hoard of anguish must all be my own:
In vain do you seek my sad sighs to control —
I have lean'd on a reed that has pierc'd through my soul

O wonder not, then, that my cheek appears wan,
That my eye seems dejected, my gaiety's flown;
With a blight at the core, does the blossom look gay
Through darkness and clouds do we view the sun's ray

Oh! no mental ray does my darkness console,
Since I leaned on a reed that has pierced through my soul.

You say that my Muse will revive with the spring,
That the brightness of Nature will charm her to sing:
Alas! what delight could her dirges bestow?
The over fraught heart could but murmur its woe;
Not the Muse, once so loved, in my grief can condole,
For the reed that has pierced me *remains in my soul.*

O, had I, Great Father, but leaned upon thee!
From the world—the vain world—had my heart
 remained free,
It might now mount to heaven with the first dawn of
 spring;
Might carrol its numbers, and joyfully sing:
Tis thou, and *thou* only, my grief can control!
Since the reed that has pierced me, remains in my soul.

O pardon, that thus in its misery, to thee
This heart, too neglectful in peace, now would flee.
O, bid Hope's bright rainbow its prospect illumine !
O guide it to peace, e'en the peace of the tomb ! —
Kind, blessed Physician ! O bid me be whole,
For thou, and thou only, can'st bind up the soul.

THE DREAM.

O H, 'twas a dream ! it was a dream !
How could I e'er believe it real ?
And yet, so true to life did seem !—
How could I think it but ideal ?

Methought, that o'er the flow'ry fields
With Truth and Innocence I wandered ;
On all the bliss true friendship yields,
Enraptured, in my mind I pondered.

And there, I dreamt, I found a heart
By every noble impulse guided,
Where Nature reigned, unknowing art,
And godlike Honour firm presided.

Benevolence within it lived,
And in it dwelt enlight'ning Candour ;
And Truth celestial, I believed,
Shed o'er the whole a radiant splendour.

Pure Honesty, too, ever seemed
With Justice there to spread and flourish,
And bless'd Religion mildly beamed,
Those virtues all to grace and cherish.

No narrow bondage round entwined,
But broad, methought, and comprehensive,
Embracing all of human kind
In liberal prospects, views extensive.

And, O ! I thought it soft and kind,
For much I in its good delighted,
Methought this love for all mankind,
With *tenderness to one* united.

Pure as the crystal wave, the while,
No cloud, no speck, the surface troubling,
Too pure, methought, to mix with guile—
No frothings of deceitful bubbling.

And, lest Life's storms its peace should shock,
My fancy plac'd this heart so tender,
Firm, on Integrity's strong rock,
With Fortitude for its defender.

And low I bent me at that shrine,
And worshipped there, with sweet emotion :
These glowing virtues, — gems divine !
Waked, ardent waked, my soul's devotion !

But, O ! illusive, false it was,
My fancy all the hues had given,
Forgetting Earth's cold, selfish laws,
I dressed it in the gems of Heaven.

Alas ! alas ! I fondly dreamed,
And when I 'woke, poor fool romantic !
I found that all had only seemed,
And strove to grasp the phantom — franti

Oh ! thus to wake, so great the pain !
So torn, so harassed by life's fever,
That, to be so deceiv'd again,
I willingly would sleep for ever !

THE GLANCE.

A FRAGMENT — *Of Love, perhaps.*

BRIGHT emanation from the mind,
To which such magic power is given !
What subtile particles combin'd
Compose thy essence, beam of Heaven ?

Say, art thou matter ? Is the soul
The sun from which thy fires are fed,
Where bright intelligences roll,
And light divine is ever shed ?

Or art thou *unembodied* light,
Pure issuing from the realms of day,
That mind to mind can thus unite,
Electric in thy hallowed ray ?

A portion of the soul thou art,
Darting to meet a kindred beam,
Piercing ecstatic through the heart
Which leaps exulting at the gleam !

L O V E.



WHAT is this, that o'er my senses
 Swims in spring tides of delight;
 Which a thousand sweets dispenses,
 Dressing life in colours bright?
 O, 'tis Love! I feel his pinion
 Wafting light, and bliss, and joy:—
 Pleased I bow to his dominion,
 Taste thy good without alloy—
 Heart-soothing Love.

Long a gloomy night oppress'd me,
 Clouds o'er clouds around me stolc—
 Not a verdant spot to rest me,
 Nature darken'd on my soul!

All was barren, bleak, and dreary,
Scarce a flow'ret strew'd the way,
Soul and body both were weary —
O! I felt not then thy ray,
Enlivening Love !

No more I deprecate thy power,
Nor deem it wisdom to retreat :
Well pleased I hail thy conquering hour,
And gladly now my victor meet !
O, then, never leave me more !
Sunbeam of the human heart !
Life and thought must both be o'er
If e'er again with thee I part,
Enchanting Love !

Come, then, gently wave thy pinion,
Wafting life, and light, and joy ;
O'er my soul *still* hold dominion,
That I *life* may still enjoy !

And as age steals gently on,
I'll closer creep into thy breast;
I'll nestle there till life is flown,
And thou shalt waft my soul to rest.
Entrancing Love!

MY HUSBAND.

O, COULD I strike the heavenly lyre !
With true poetic rapturous fire,
In praise of him I most admire —
My Husband !

To ecstasy the name gives birth,
Yes ! I will sing thy truth and worth
To all the wide resounding earth —
My Husband !

But, oh ! how weak are words to tell
The transports which my bosom swell !
The grateful thoughts which on thee dwell —
My Husband !

A parent's name is justly dear,
I love the tender friend, sincere,
But *thou* canst every prospect cheer —

My Husband !

All the endearing ties in one,
Of Father, Brother, Lover, Son,
I more than clasp in thee alone —

My Husband !

Misfortune strove our bliss to sour,
And threaten'd ruin every hour,
I still had thee, and scorn'd her power —

My Husband !

And when by Poverty oppress'd,
And Care had robb'd me of my rest,
My soul found comfort in thy breast,

My Husband !

Each adverse gale which Fortune blew,
Serv'd but to bind our hearts more true,
And made me closer cling to you,

My Husband!

Heaven has bestowed congenial minds,
Where every thought a kindred finds —
Our souls in sweet communion binds —

My Husband!

O! thou art all the world to me!
Thou taught'st me Folly's paths to flee,
And Wisdom's excellence to see,

My Husband!

I've heard thee pity pomp and pride,
And splendid greatness oft deride,
When seated by our blest fireside,

My Husband!

Our happy young ones placed around,
With joy and love our hearts abound,
With bliss our earthly cup is crown'd,

My Husband !

Thy smiling eye the group surveys,
And, like the Sun's enliv'ning rays,
Diffuses joy where'er it strays !

My Husband !

You say you 've ranged the world around,
And pleasure sought, but never found,
Until by Wedlock's fetters bound —

My Husband !

You tell me you 've found joy at home,
Denied you in the princely dome,
And that you never more will roam,

My Husband !

Blest words of transport to my ear !

May home and *I* be ever dear,

For sweet affection waits thee here,

My Husband !

But weak and languid seem my lays,

Where *true* Love's hallow'd fire should blaze !

Come join, my children, help to praise

My Husband !

He under God, provides you bread,

By him you 're clothed, instructed, fed,

And Wisdom's light around you shed —

My Husband !

Such love and care your hearts demand,

To Heaven lift every grateful hand,

To pray for *your* dear father, and

My Husband !

How dull, how chang'd this heart must be !

How dead to excellence, and thee,

If e'er I with indifference see

My Husband !

Oh ! that I could resign my life,

To prove me fit to be thy wife,

My Love, my Lord, my Bliss, my Life,

My Husband !

Great God ! with awe, one boon I claim,

For his sake, who inspires my theme,

Bless all who bear the sacred name

Of Husband !

VERSES

WRITTEN IN A GROVE NEAR BELFAST.

“ Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells in my breast, and turns the past to pain.”

SWEET Spring is returning, drest out in gay green,
Her wild simple beauties unveil'd to the day;
New graces play round her, and all the bright scene
Invites us from dull smoky cities to stray:
Ah! oft I will stray to this favourite grove,
Where fond recollection endears ev'ry tree —
Wherever through life I am destined to rove,
Still, still, those loved haunts will be dear unto me.

Along by this river, beneath these loved trees,
 With —— how often delighted I've been ;
 The birds too, as now, joined their notes in the breeze,
 And Beauty and Harmony dwelt in the scene ;
 And still these delights in the scene may appear,
 To a mind from distress and inquietude free ;
 But though these sweet shades to my torn heart are
 dear,
 Yet Beauty nor Harmony lives not to me.

Thou flow'st, silent stream ! and for ages may flow,
 An emblem, methinks, of Eternity's tide ;
 Thou holdest thy course still majestic and slow,
 Nor regardest frail man as he sinks by thy side :
 Yet in him whom I mourn was each virtue combin'd,
 Nor ever again on thy margin thou 'lt see
 A form where more honour and truth were enshrin'd,
 Than his who has render'd thy waves dear to me !

And these are the paths, arm in arm where we've
stray'd,

As fondly I hoped we should journey through life ;
And here is the spot where with rapture he said,
He still bless'd the day which had made me his wife
O ! green be the earth on this seat all the year,
Still sacred to Friendship and Love may it be ;
Though oft its soft grass is bedew'd with a tear,
No spot upon earth is so dear unto me.

Enough, my full heart, from this scene let me go ;
Behold where the sunbeams dance bright through
the leaves,
Perhaps their warm influence a balm may bestow : —
Alas ! no, *this* prospect more painfully grieves ;
For there stands the Cot where each blessing I knew
Its walls through the green waving foliage I see ;
Nor could Fancy picture a more rural view —
Oh view ! how beloved and how mournful to me !

O cot, where I 've tasted of joy and of woe!

As great as e'er falls to humanity's part!

My love in your walls did true happiness know,

And there burst the sighs that at last rent his heart

Oh, thought full of anguish! for ever in view,—

With pain, thou lov'd dwelling, each beauty I see:

But while this sad heart to its feelings beats true,

Thou canst not be view'd with indifference by me.

The sun now declines in his western retreat:

The grave tints of ev'ning steal over the lawn:

O spirit with whom this fond heart is replete!

Dost thou e'er visit here, at the ev'ning or dawn?

Oh, soul-soothing thought! thou may'st now round me
hover,

My deep-inward sighs may be known unto thee—

I know, if permitted, my life thou 'lt watch over!

O spirit benign! shed thy influence o'er me.

Rapt in thought, as I stray, dark shades veil the

How awful these gusts of the wind through the

Methinks now each branch for my loss seems to sig

More soothing these blasts than the Zephyr's soft
breeze.

Oh! scenes dear to Mem'ry! thou steal'st from my
eyes,

Soon dark as the grave ev'ry prospect shall be,

But morning, more glorious, to thee shall arise :

Ah, can morn e'er enliven the wretched like me ?

THE BOY AND THE BUTTERFLY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

'Twas in a garden sweet and gay,
A beauteous boy rov'd with delight;
Before him, in a rich display
Of colours, glittering in the ray,
A butterfly attracts his sight.

From flower to flower the fickle thing
In many a sportive ringlet flies,
And seems so lovely on the wing,
No weariness the chase can bring,
Though vainly the pursuit he tries.

Now on a pink in balmy rest,

He strives to make the prize his own ;

Now on a rose's fragrant breast,

He thinks its flight he shall arrest,

But, lo ! again the wanton's flown.

And still the chase no toil can bring,

Though vainly the pursuit he tries ;

So tempting seems the lovely thing,

Thus seen at distance on the wing,

Still glittering in his ardent eyes.

And now his hopes to tantalize,

Behold it on a myrtle near !

Next on a violet bank it lies —

He steals, and with his hat he tries

To cover the gay flutterer here.

But all in vain each art and wile

To catch the beauteous playful thing ;

Yet still he disregards his toil,

Its beauties still his pains beguile,

Thus seen before him on the wing.

At last the flutterer he espies,

Half buried in a tulip's bell,

He grasps the flower in glad surprise —

Within his grasp the insect dies ! —

His vain regrets, his tears now tell.

Thus Pleasure, that gay butterfly,

In prospect cheers the mind ;

But if too eagerly we clasp,

It perishes within our grasp,

And leaves a sting behind.

THE WANING MOON.



As forth I strayed at close of day,
In pensive musing mood,
From thought to thought, bewilder'd tost,
In search of earthly good,
God pity erring man! I cried;
And, as I craved the boon,
I raised my humid eyes to heaven,
And saw the Waning Moon.

This object to my restless mind
A new impulsion gave,
But troubled thoughts still crowded there,
Like wave propelling wave:

The mental eye no concord found ;

All, all seemed out of tune ;

And thus within my heart I raved,

And view'd the Waning Moon.

My life, alas ! is on the wane,

Its sun has shed its beams,

Dark clouds obscure each dreary view,

Through which no sunbeam gleams.

Sunbeams of joy ! ye once were mine,

But, ah ! ye vanished soon ;

And musing now on blessings flown,

I view the Waning Moon.

But why oppress'd, my heavy heart,

Since life is on the wane ?

A few short years will lay thee calm

In kindred earth again ;

Heaven will thy fearful flutterings still,
And grant a peaceful swoon ;
Behold an emblem of thyself,
Yon gently Waning Moon.

But *thou*, pale queen, hast lately shone
In fulgent honours bright ;
Thou hast beam'd forth, full orb'd, on man,
Rejoicing in thy light ;
Whilst I unblessing, listless worm,
No good on earth have done ; —
Thus speaks my gloomy soul, and shrinks
To view the Waning Moon.

Yet, once, fair orb ! I thought like thee
To run a heavenly race,
With deeds of love and charity
My steps on earth to trace :

~~But~~ sorrow, like a canker came,
And blighted life's fair noon,
~~And~~ left me heartless and forlorn,
And waning like thee, Moon,

Thou wan'st, but soon shalt wax again,
In youth and beauty dress'd,
To hold thy course sublime in heaven,
All blessing — by all bless'd :
Whilst *I* shall set — peace, O my soul !
Thou too sublime shalt rise,
Shalt wing thy lofty flight to heaven,
And gain thy native skies.

Fair orb ! when from our hemisphere
Thy beams were first withdrawn,
Man, untaught man, believ'd no more
Thou on his night should'st dawn :

Thus ignorance and fear, my soul,

Against thy peace combine :

Shall *He*, who *matter* still renews,

Destroy the *spark divine* ?

PAT'S SALUTATION:

OR,

SHAKE OF THE HAND.

In travelling this world, human nature to trace,
 My brethren of each varied clime to embrace,
 None to me opes his bosom in language unplann'd
 Like Pat with his rough *honest shake of the hand*.

The Frenchman he bows, he professes, he smiles,
 And quite overpowers me with complaisant wiles :
 His fine words mean nothing, if aught I demand :
 How unlike then to Pat's *heartly shake of the hand* !

The Spaniard so grave, with his proud lofty air,
 As I rush to salute him, his mien says, Beware !
 Disgusted, I turn from his Donship so grand,
 And sigh for poor Paddy's *rough shake of the hand*.

The Turk, seated cross-legg'd, receives me in state
His opium he chews, and his slaves call him great;
To his lifeless salute my heart will not expand,
But contrasts him with Pat and his *shake of the han*

Even John Bull himself, with his grave plodding fa
Would fain imitate his dear Chesterfield's grace;
Quit aping, my friend, such old hypocrites bland,
And study your neighbour's *warm shake of the han*

In China good breeding is quite at its height;
Go there, if you wish to be truly polite:
Man is sever'd from man by stiff forms *all* so gran
But heart 's drawn to heart by a *shake of the hand*.

From the smart little Greenlander under the Pole,
To where, sacred Ganges, thy silver waves roll,
No Code of Politeness has e'er yet been plann'd,
To compare with the true *Irish shake of the hand*.

TO HIM WHO SAID HE HAD NO HOME.



O YES, dear youth, thou hast a home,
Where cherish'd and belov'd thou art!

But, O! I fear thou'lt scorn the dome,
When told 'tis in this simple heart.

'Tis there at morning's rosy dawn
I visit thee in glad delight,
And there, when evening veils the lawn,
With thee I spend the pensive night.

Thus hopeless years have roll'd away,
And still thou dwell'st a guest with me —
But sad must be my pensive lay,
For I, alas! am nought to thee.

This unobtrusive simple form,
 Veiled in reserve to hide its glow,
 So seeming cold, and yet so warm,
 Ah ! how should'st thou its feelings know?

Nor shall these feelings e'er be known,
 To spoil thy peace or break thy rest :
 Some happier maid thy worth shall own ;
 And, O ! may every hour be blest !

But should distress thy steps pursue,
 Forlorn, abandon'd, should'st thou roam,
 Keep, then, this sheltering cell in view,
 Within my heart thou hast a home.

SONG.

THE WORDS ADAPTED TO THAT EXQUISITELY
TIFUL IRISH AIR — "*The Twisting of the Rope*"

FROM night's fair queen were sol's bright beams
withdrawn,

She through the heavens might roll her cheerless

But, oh! no radiance then would fill the lawn,

No silvery stream would dimpling drink her r

'Tis thus the heart, when love withholds his bea

Cold, cold and frozen in the breast it lies!

No joyful ray plays round with fairy dreams,

Unblest by life's best light it cheerless dies.

But, O! when love's warm sunshine gilds the so

In that bright beam it basks in hallowed rest

Sweet dreams of rapture in its brightness roll,

And while it blesses, 'tis itself most blest.

SONG.

AIR — “ *Pretty Girl Milking her Cow.* ”

IN life's rosy morn, with hope beaming,
For glory my bosom beat high ;
Of wealth and enjoyment too dreaming,
I oft heaved the fond restless sigh ;
And beauty's soft smile I have courted,
Love's myrtles were then in full bloom,
But still as I carelessly sported,
I felt my heart wanted a home.

I praise not thy eye for its brightness,
Thy cheek, where the rose bud I view,
Nor neck for its pure snowy whiteness,
Nor hair for its dark glossy hue !

All these cannot claim my devotion,
For still, through the world as I roam,
All these I can see with emotion —
And yet my heart not find a home !

But, O ! 'tis thy brow beaming candour,
Fair truth and simplicity's throne,
Thy heart so humane, and so tender,
That feels others' woes as its own ;
'Tis thy bosom, the seat of affection,
Of every soft virtue the dome —
Oh ! there has my soul found attraction !
And there would my heart make its home.

SONG.

THE HOUR OF PARTING DAY.

AIR — “ *The Dawning of the Day.* ”

O COME! mild evening glowing,
 Her twilight veil is throwing :
 O come! and through the calm shady grove let us :
 Day's songsters have withdrawn,
 Bleating flocks have paced the lawn —
 O come! O come! Belov'd, it is the hour of parting

 The moon in mildness cheering,
 Through shadowy foliage peering !
 All vapours from her face have majestic sail'd awa:
 She gilds the distant mountains,
 And glitters in the fountains !
 O come! O come, belov'd! it is the hour of parting

The throbbing heart of Ocean
Is hush'd from wild commotion,
The breeze, with ruffling wing o'er her breast has
 ceas'd to play:
Every sleeping wave 's at rest
On that calm pelucid breast!
Come! O come! and taste this soul-soothing hour
 of day.

O why, my love, thus linger?
Now eve with dewy finger
 hangs pearls upon the verdure, to glitter in our way!
All breathing fragrance round —
Shedding inward peace profound!
Haste! to taste the balmy soul-soothing hour of day!

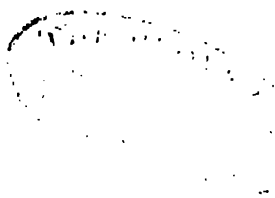
As arm in arm we 're wandering,
On heaven's blue concave pondering,

Our souls on rapture's wing shall through ether flit
away!

In Nature's silent loneliness,

Forgetting earthly proneness,

Shall mount, expansive mount, to the radiant scenes
of day!



ELOPEMENT;

OR,

THE COURT MARTIAL:

A Simple Tale

OF

MODERN TIMES.

100

101

102

103

104

105

106

107

108

109

110

111

112

113

114

115

116

117

118

119

120

121

122

123



ELOPEMENT, &c.

“ SAY, why is my daughter so pale with affright?

“ Oh! why does she start, and thus scream in the night?

“ Behold now the dawn, soon the sun will shine bright!

“ Arise love, and tell me thy pain :

“ Thy innocence ever secures thee from harm;

“ Shake off then, dear girl, this ungrateful alarm,

“ Turn thy thoughts to thy God, let his peace yield a
charm,

“ Nor thanklessly dare to complain.”

“ Oh, mother, how noble is ever thy mind !

“ Amidst all life's sufferings how calmly resign'd !

“ But how in this dreary abode shall we find

“ That peace which all hope for below ?

“ Thy fortune is vanished — thy kindred are flown —

“ Thou art left in this world, save by me, all alone,

“ Yet thy mind still preserves its own dignified tone

“ Amidst this deep night of its woe.”

“ In this night of my woe, my dear daughter, I feel

“ My Creator alone all my heart wounds can heal —

“ His goodness and mercy he still does reveal !

“ And what should my soul wish for more ?...

“ He once gave me treasure, to show it was vain —

“ He once gave me friends, he resumed them again,

“ And should I ungratefully dare to complain,

“ That the giver reclaims his own store ? ”

“ Dear mother, in this gloomy mansion of fear,

“ The groans of the dying each night meet my ear ;

“ I see the pale soldier stretched on his last bier —

- “ The drum seems to roll o’er my head !
“ From that dismal old chamber the sound seems to
 come,
“ Which was pointed to me as the dark haunted room ;
“ And hollow, and deep, like the sad muffled drum,
 “ It tolls a slow wail for the dead !”
- “ Dear child, in these walls if the sick found repose,
“ If the poor wounded soldier here ceas’d from his woes,
“ And a life fraught with hardship did peacefully close,
 “ The spot should be hallowed to thee !
“ Shake off superstition, nor weakly thus fear
“ That the soul freed from earth shall again reappear !
“ Ah, no ! it must then run a nobler career,
 “ By the body unfettered, and free.”
- “ A tale by weak Ignorance thou hast been told,
“ Which has laid on thy credulous fancy strong hold,
“ I will then myself the *true story* unfold,

“ That thy mind may this weakness forego.
“ Then come to that chamber that looks to the west
“ At eve when the sky in mild splendour is drest ;
“ And there, in its calm, I will pour in thy breast
“ A tale that will melt it in woe.”

Young Anna oft thought on her mother's request,
That day seemed to linger 'till sol sunk to rest ;
Then she hied to the chamber that looks to the west,
While the moonbeams shone mildly around ;
The meads from the casement were softest of green,
The sky seem'd an ocean, calm, blue, and serene,
While radiantly gilded by night's silver queen,
The woods slept in silence profound.

The lady was pleased as she looked on the whole,
Yet sometimes a tear down her pallid cheek stole,
And often a sigh she would strive to control,

While in memory she called up the tale :
As she ponder'd o'er scenes of affection and truth,
Her mild visage glow'd with the radiance of youth,
And her daughter's young mind to enlighten and soothe,
She thus did her story detail.

IN Scotland, for valour and beauty renown'd,
Dwelt a chieftain whose acres spread widely around,
One daughter alone was his heiress for all,
A sweet lovely blossom, the pride of his hall ;
For her the fond parent oft reckon'd his store,
Though large his possessions, he still grasp'd at more—
In praise of her beauty all voices agree —
Sweet Emma, ' the wild flower that springs on the lea.'

O'er hills, where the pure Highland breezes are blowing,
For her numerous herds are contentedly lowing ;

Whilst she, in wild nature luxuriantly gay,
Sports free, as her own tender lambkins at play :
A cheek, that with candour and innocence blushes ;
A heart, where humanity's tide ever gushes,
An eye, where love's eloquence fearlessly plays —
Yet, childish and careless, she heeds not its blaze.

Sixteen golden summers had scarce o'er her flown,
And each one new graces around her had thrown,
When her dark tender eye did that passion impart,
Which from childhood delighted and nourish'd her heart.
But, ah ! she ne'er fancied — she thought not of love —
'Twas a feeling with being's first dawn interwove —
And still to reveal it had been her fond pride ;
From its object, no feeling, no thought would she hide.

And worthy that object such love to secure,
For ne'er beat a heart in a bosom more pure .

han in that of young Angus — tho' yet all unknown,
A luminous spark it had oftentimes shown.
Stern poverty fain would his virtue deride ;
She strove to extinguish his hopes and his pride ;
But vain all her efforts to quench the bright spark ; —
His soul's vivid light more illumin'd the dark.

His form, in the garb of his country arrayed,
Youthful dignity, blended with beauty displayed ;
His dark lofty eye, a bold, proud spirit warmed —
Untameable spirit ! — for enterprise formed :
But tempered by kindness, or mellowed by love,
The eye of the eagle seemed that of the dove ;
And oft o'er his fate, and his fortune, high soaring,
It all subjugated, when softened rays pouring !

A kinsman to Emma, and bred in her home,
Young Angus and she o'er the mountains would roam,

Their hearts knit from infancy now seemed but one,
As careless they frolick'd in youth's summer's sun :
To shield her from harm had been ever his care,
His bosom had oft felt the keen nipping air,
While his plaid over her's he would muffle with glee,
And gambol before her, regardless and free.

Thus joyful they bound o'er the high breezy hills,
Or thoughtlessly play by their swift gushing rills,
While sympathy shed its soft balm o'er their breast,
They felt — yet they knew not the good they possess'd.—
Each morn, while the heath flower is fragrant with dew,
They spring from light slumbers those joys to renew ;
As the sun on the earth his first tender glance throws,
And woos his own sweets fresh from night's calm repose.

In childhood's bright days thus their happy hours past ;
Nor added years yet had the prospect o'er cast ;

But reason with manhood is now stealing on —
All youth's fairy dreams ! oh ! how soon, will be gone !
At evening they now love to stray o'er the plains,
Then thought, softest thought ! in the pure bosom reigns :
What rapturous feelings, unknown to alloy,
In Eve's balmy walk — O ! what calm placid joy !

O Happiness ! shown just to gladden our sight ;
Then away from our gaze thou withdrawest thy light,
And fixest thy hallowed abode in the skies,
Which reflect thy fair form to our still longing eyes :
In youth we would drag thee to earth back again,
But years ever prove all our efforts in vain ;
If that form, ever fair, we would really review,
For Heaven we must deck us, and boldly pursue.

How happy was Emma while suffered to roam
Thus careless, and free, round her sweet rural home !

But womanhood dawns, which anxiety bears,
Not beauty, nor wealth, is exempt from its cares !
The neighbouring swains for her preference vied —
Some sigh'd for her lands — for her beauty some sighed ;
But all with disgust, or indifference, she hears,
Nor her father, as yet, with her choice interferes.

That father to Emma had ever proved kind,
Though av'rice had withered and hardened his mind —
In seeming indifference, he waited but wealth,
And carefully watched her proceedings by stealth.
When soon at his gate a new suitor appears,
With ample possessions, adjoining to hers ;
By riches determined, at once he selects,
And threatens displeasure if now she rejects.

'Twas now, first, her heart to herself stood revealed —
In her bosom, for Angus, it strongly appealed —

o quell its emotions 'twas vain that she strove !
he felt, and believed, that it trembled with love !
he threw on her father an agonized look ;
The blood burn'd her cheek which that cold heart forsook,
And horror, and death, seemed pervading her frame,
While her candid lip struggled to breathe forth his name.

Unmoved, all her anguish the old man espies,
No sympathy gleams in his dark gloomy eyes —
He wrathful his mandate again does repeat.
Imploring his mercy she fell at his feet —
Her clasped hands were raised, and distracted her air,
And Angus ! O, Angus ! she cried in despair ;
A still deeper cloud at the name gloomed his brow,
And he left her alone in the midst of her woe.

'Twas long ere the first day of trouble had flown,
And night only found her more darkly alone ;

E'en Angus had shunn'd her, with cold looks estrang'd;
Ne'er before seemed his eye so averted — so changed —
Her heart by her father's unkindness is torn,
By him it adores 'tis now treated with scorn!
All, all, save this last, to her fancy seem'd light.
Is he changed? Does he love not? O long thoughtful
night!

Thus she pondered and raved 'till the morn's radiant call,
“Now, my Angus,” she said, “from my lips shall hear all:”
But, alas! when they met, he stood pale and aghast,
With eye still averted, and brow overcast!
To address him she strove, but all words were denied,
Now stopped by her feelings, and now by her pride;
Thus heavily on did that cheerless day fly,
Till evening's soft beam came to mellow the sky.

Then Emma steals forth to her fav'rite green dell,
To muse on those feelings no reas'nings can quell!

That her tears may in silence and solitude flow,
That her heart may indulge the full swell of its woe —
What brushes the fern with a slight rustling sound?
She fearfully raises her head to look round,
And her heart — O! that heart, from its bounds sure
will flee;

'Tis he, the beloved — past her hopes — it is he!

To argue down feeling young Angus had tried;
“She cannot be mine, I perceive it,” he cried —
“This delirium of fondness shall reason control,
And honour and virtue shall sway my whole soul.”
Thus high he resolved — but when evening came on,
And he saw Emma steal o'er the soft dewy lawn,
Irresistibly after her flees his fond heart;
Thus love — treach'rous love! still exults in his art!

Now the lovers have met, soon each thought is reveal'd!
They love — this sweet sentiment ever is seal'd —

It is seal'd on their hearts by that first holy kiss —

A presage to them of eternity's bliss —

“ Thou’rt doomed, my dear Emma, another to wed,
Ere that shall take place I must lie cold and dead :
Could'st thou happiness taste, and thy Angus laid low
Oh ! Emma, too well I thy tender heart know.”

This thought called up tears in the maiden's soft eye

“ O Angus !” she said, “ 'tis thy Emma must die !

My father our happiness ever may thwart,

But no other can ever have place in my heart—

He cannot this heart to such misery doom,

But should it, in sorrow, like last night's consume,

To the last thy dear image shall live and bloom there

For death, not e'en death, from my heart could thee
tear.”

“ Then my Emma,” he said, and his bosom beat high

While truth and affection beamed bright in his eye ;

“ From thy sire I ’ll demand thee in heaven’s open sight,
He cannot deny me — thou’rt mine by love’s right —
Has the heart he would choose thee more virtue than
mine ?

Will it vitally still round thy happiness twine ?
Would it sacrifice all, e’en existence, for thee ?
Would it live but to prove thee its firm constancy ?

Be his wealth and possessions for ever his own ;
O ! let him but give me my Emma alone !
My heart will the boon ever gratefully prize,
And exulting, all else he possesses despise !
Is there aught he could wish thee, save fortune, denied ?
And mine, though so small, for our wants can provide :
But to labour for thee will be blessing and pleasure,
While time by our happiness still we shall measure.

A sweet rural cot I will rear for my love —
My heart’s warm affection there hourly I ’ll prove —

And there ever happy—O blest in our fate!
Superior to poor little pageants of state!
No gold or rich gems in our dwelling shall shine,
But myrtle, and rose, round its casements shall twine:
The heart of its master for thee still shall beat,
While life in its core shall retain vital heat."

Thus, in love's golden dreams, they the future descry,
'Till reluctant they part—then from Emma's mild eye
The tear drops are pouring, like morn's pearly dew,
Her father's stern temper, alas! she well knew;
And she feared, from his strong prepossession for gain,
The suit of their hearts they must fail to obtain.—
O avarice! when once the soul yields to thy sway,
Thou 'sweepst all nature's best feelings away!

Another long night of anxiety o'er,
Yet morn cannot peace to the lovers restore—

How their throbbing pulse bounds with fear, doubt, and
desire,

This day Angus urges his suit to the sire !

With candour and truth he oft mann'd his bold heart,

Determined to act a firm, dignified part ;

And hope with soft wing still that burning heart fann'd,

As his feeling appeal oft he studied and plann'd.

In blackest of wrath, with a stern brow austere,

The old man his suit condescended to hear ;

Then ordered him straight from his presence to flee,

And his daughter henceforward no more dare to see :

“ She’s promised,” he said, “ to a neighbouring laird ;

My word is gone forth, and my will she has heard —

Let no needy kinsman her duty supplant,

Or a beggar I cast her, abandoned to want.”

Stung—galled to the quick by expressions so new,

He scorned e’en for her he adored now to sue ;

Though burning, yet silent, by agony wrung —
Respect for the sire of his love tied his tongue ;
But roused from his trance by the breath of unkindness,
He felt he had, indolent, lingered in blindness —
His slumbering mind in an instant awoke,
And firmly determined to shake off the yoke.

How vainly would language attempt to portray
The grief, the despair, of that sorrowful day ! —
'Tis decreed that the lovers for ever must part —
That asunder they, now, must divide their one heart!
Emma *feels* in his absence she cannot but die ;
Yet, they tell her, with duty 'tis right to comply —
Some long days reluctant she yields to the blow ; —
O days full of horror, of darkness and woe !

They *feel*, if thus parted, they shall not survive —
Yet they reason, 'tis right to endeavour to live —

There is one way alone, which could misery prevent :
To abandon her father, would Emma consent?—
To save her dear Angus from death and despair,
At length she agrees that the worst she will dare —
Will relinquish for him both her sire and her home,
And in poverty through the wide world with him roam!

O youth! phrensied season, too prompt to decide—
Inebriate with passion, with impulse thy guide,
In thy own glowing visions too proudly elate,
Thou disdainest on prudence or foresight to wait !
’Tis time, and time only, gives truth to thy view —
When experience comes sadly to chasten the hue :
But, alas ! thy precipitance often we grieve,
For youth’s heedless steps we can never retrieve !

THE lady here ceased from her tale with a sigh ;
Now night’s radiant queen in the concave on high,
Proclaimed that the soft hour of slumber was nigh ;

Young Anna reluctant retires :

No drum, o'er her head, broke this night her repose ;

She thought but of Emma, of love, and its woes,

And of her old dwelling connected with those —

And much she the sequel desires.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

ELOPEMENT, &c.

PART II.

'Twas again in the twilight's mild shadowy gloom
The old lady chose her wild strain to resume,
For then solemn visions o'er memory would come,
And she loved to indulge their soft sway;
'Twas then in her daughter's young bosom she poured
Those maxims of life sad experience had stored —
And aye, to be virtuous — O how she implored!
As she pondered her sad moral lay.

Oh, Anna! my daughter, thy warm feelings dread —
Be the just light of principle still round thee shed,
Nor weakly from duty by passion be led,

But combat and vanquish what 's wrong.
List not to thy heart if thy judgment say nay —
Still search for more light to expand reason's ray;
Go explore science' page, and admit the broad day,
Nor blindly be e'er led along.

At sixteen young Emma no duty could see,
Save what feeling dictated duty to be;
No mother's kind precepts had stamped on her soul
The just sacred law of paternal control;
Pure innocence round her had shed its blest light,
She nature and truth had obeyed with delight:
But unknown to constraint now she spurns the decree,
That would thus tear her soul from its fond ecstasy.

She fearless resolved every good to forego,
That paternal affection or wealth could bestow —



Herself and her lover to poverty threw —
This cold selfish world! — O! how little she knew —
The fortune of Angus at most was but small,
And now, scarce eighteen, nought his own he could call :
The father of Emma in trust held his land,
And for years, till of age, he could nothing demand.

But when did warm love to cold prudence give ear?
Do the hearts he enraptures admit of cold fear?
Do not hardship and poverty quicken their glow?
Our lovers *felt* certain it still should be so!
They believed, if but free, o'er the wide world to roam,
In desert, on mountain, to form their rude home,
That happiness still in that blest home should dwell,
With transports eternal their bosoms should swell!

Yet, not unconcerned could fair Emma depart
That home, which had ever been dear to her heart ;

Nor those noble scenes in rude majesty thrown,
Where nature reigns rugged, sublime, and alone —
Those green furzy dells, with their clear winding rivers,
Which mountain, from mountain, with craggy brow,
 severs,
And steep pointed rocks, where the mountain ash throws
Its long graceful arms in each breeze as it blows.

Nor yet from her father unmoved could she fly —
How oft, e'er the night of elopement drew nigh,
Down her pallid cheeks trickled the silent drops, warm,
As her eye fondly dwelt on his long beloved form :
And oft, ere approached that by her dreaded night,
The heart's fearful fluttering said all was not right —
But to wed with another — this thought urged the deed,
Whose rashness could only to misery lead.

Behold that eventful, that awful night come,
The household at rest, she enveloped in gloom,

There, wrapped in her plaid, she in darkness awaits
The signal of flight from her patronal gates :
The night's silent lonesness felt sad and appalling,
The blackness around seemed in deeper shades falling :
Alarm, perturbation, and doubt, o'er her hover —
How she fears — how she longs that this dread hour
was over.

'Tis over at length — now behold her far straying
Swift o'er the dark heath — in the night winds are
playing

The locks on that cheek, whose pale death hues impart
The strife that has sunk, that has torn the weak heart.
Her lover beside her, with gratitude glowing,
Is vainly each tender endearment bestowing ;
Instinctively, still, are her eyes backward turning,
Now stopping — now hurrying — now trembling — now
burning.

They pass swiftly on o'er the dark silent moors,
Where the brown heath its dew on their flying feet
pours,

And o'er the wild lea, where the closed daisy's breast
Scarce ruffles, or shrinks, by their hasty step prest !
Though dark was the night, yet they feared the moon's
ray,

Which their flight might to some prying wanderer betray ;
Through by-paths their dark secret footsteps are borne,
Not wishing, but dreading the brightness of morn.

O'er meads where she oft viewed the sweet wild flower
springing,

While morn balmy incense around her was flinging ;
Through glades where she listened the high soaring lark,
Now pensive and mournful she hastes in the dark :
Or passing a glen, where a streamlet meandered,
On whose furzy brink she has oftentimes wandered,

When wrapt in love's dream — then her heart's only
prize,

A last look she now strains thro' darkness, and flies.

Yer sandy ravines now their fearful steps falling,
beneath them the hoarse mountain torrent is brawling ;
Now o'er its plank bridge they have cautiously past,
Where a single false step had been ever their last.
Now the dignified grandeur of vast mountain nature,
By darkness sublimed, with wild undefined feature,
Inspires them with awe, as they thoughtfully stray
Where seldom before human track marked the way.

The damp fogs of night around Emma are chilling,
At length the cold rain o'er her form is distilling ;
That terror and doubt now her lover assail !
He fears that her vigour and spirit must fail.
Those fears both his heart and his pathway bewilder,
He feels 'tis in vain he from hardship would shield her :

Such fears for her life on his fond bosom prey,
To her father's warm roof he could now her convey.

At length the dark night seems less sable to wear,
The pale moon begins through the haze to appear;
Their lone mazy path more distinguished now lies;
But, oh! what was Emma's affright and surprise,
As slow the deep gloom which concealed objects fled,
She found they were treading midst heaps of the dead
A churchyard now gleamed on her horror-struck eye,
Where her mother's revered relics mouldering lie!

No longer her steps can she tottering sustain!
The arm of her lover assists her in vain —
O'er hillocks of death still her footsteps rebound —
Exhausted at length she sinks faint on the ground!
How distracting were now that fond lover's alarms,
Her cold fainting form he supports in his arms;

er hands, deathly chill, he would warm in his breast,
ne life-throb had then made his heart feel most blest !

his groans and deep sighs pierce the night's murky air !

O Emma ! my Emma !” he cries in despair —

To what cavern of calmness, O say ! to what shed
hall my dying — my lost dying love here be led ?”

he cries of wild anguish that burst from his heart
recalled her fond soul, on the wing to depart ;

his warm tears did warmth in her bosom revive,
and life in its inmate seemed feebly to strive !

hat life, by love's tenderest sighs gently fanned,
ame dimly at length, o'er her frame to expand —
er lover transported ! in ecstasy cries,

My angel, I feared thou wert flown to the skies !
nd if these dear eyes had no more been unclosed,
ere, on this faithful breast, thou hadst ever reposed,

No tyrant control had our loves longer known,
Here — here in the grave! we had ever been one."

" Say, what, my dear Emma, excites thus thy fear?
If the heart of thy Angus to thee still is dear,
I vow to thee here, midst thy ancestors' bones,—
All selfish emotions that heart now disowns;
And if for thy home, and thy sire, thou dost mourn,
Thou secretly now to that home shalt return —
Be life in this bosom that instant subdued,
When thy happiness ceases to form its chief good."

Roused — life's vital flood flows afresh thro' her veins,
Her cheek for a moment its lustre regains;
And slowly she raises her mild radiant eyes,
With gratitude beaming, and softly replies —
" With thee from my home and my kindred I've fled,
With thee I feel happy, e'en here, midst the dead;

'ith thee shall my life, if life's spared me, be past
1 poverty, blessings, or woe, to the last."

their flight is again with fresh ardour pursued,
'or hope has her torch at love's altar renewed ;
And before them the meteor in gay splendour beams —
ts shadowy illusions o'er life dimly gleams —
The chill damps of morn all unheeded fly by,
As faintly she opens her bright glimmering eye —
f now from their bosoms a soft sigh e'er steals,
Tis the sigh of love's dream, which o'er hardship prevails.

Soon the freshness of morn o'er the languid sense
 playing,
Recalls the rapt heart from those fairy dreams straying,
Faint streaks of red light day's approach now portray,—
The dark billowy clouds from the east sail away :
Each moment the colours more vivid appear !
The sombre horizon grows gradually clear !

How awfully grand ! how heart-cheering the ray,
That betokens the first blest approach of new day !

Now the disk of the day-god encircled in glory,
His slanting beams gild all the mountain tops hoary !
Now a vast naked globe deep and fiery he seems —
Distinct in his grandeur, divested of beams ;
But soon, in his robes of rich luminous whiteness
Refulgent, through heaven he rolls forth in his brightness,
Beneficent, shedding vast treasures of rays,—
And smiling Earth triumphs, and basks in his blaze.

What bold lights and shades o'er the fresh landscape
 veer !

All radiant around, how the lively hues cheer !
The mists of the night, pierced by that golden eye,
Sail away and disperse from his path in the sky ! —
—The muse now expatiates o'er bright years to come,
When truth shall our moral horizon illumine ;

When thick fogs of ignorance thus shall decay,
Consumed in her *vital* omnipotent ray.

Our lovers oft pause as at dawn now they wander
O'er rock piled on rock in magnificent grandeur;
And oft on a fearful cliff, awe-struck, they stand,
Admiring the wonders of Nature's bold hand! —
The fresh opening plants with sweet odours are teeming,
Each bright spangled hawthorn is radiantly beaming!
Each brake and green dell, is wild music's abode!
All, all raise the lovers' rapt hearts to their God!

Still fearing, and shunning the footsteps of men,
They journey all day through lone moor and wild glen;
And at night a small cottage, that high hills enclose,
Affords them its shelter, some food, and repose.
Thus for many a long day did they still travel on,
Ne'er stopping to rest till the daylight was gone;

Still dreading pursuit till afar their way lies,
Far off where their Highland hills rose on the skies.

Their hearts to each other so faithfully plighted,
At length were by marriage for ever united ; —
Their happiness now they think nought can destroy,
All troubles thenceforward have yielded to joy ! —
Their wandering course to a city is bound,
Its multitude best all pursuit may confound,
Should their father still seek their hearts' peace to invade,
And the sun of their life by his influence shade.

In Edinburgh for months they live peaceful and gay—
But, alas ! soon, too soon, was o'erclouded this ray—
Grim want came their happiness all to destroy ;
Her withering look blights the bud of each joy !
Still nearer and nearer the foul hag would stare,
And ne'er does she come unaccompanied by care—

Though scarce nature's wants are supplied, and no more ;
At length quite diminished — quite gone is their store.

Long Angus had sought for employment in vain,
While Emma her needle plied hard to maintain
Their life — now consuming in poverty low —
Thus silently wasting, progressive, though slow ;
From morning 'till evening assiduous she toiled,
And oft her dear husband of anguish beguiled :
Privation she tranquil and cheerfully bore,
But studious his comfort and peace to restore.

Thus by fortitude almost they triumphed o'er fate,
Though hope seldom gleamed their firm hearts to elate :
Calamity could not their courage o'ercast,
Unmurmuring they struggled, and bore to the last :
So two lovely trees by the autumn embrowned,
While wintry gales strew their proud honours around,

Reluctantly bow their high heads to the wind,
Still wrestling and stemming with arms closer twined

In happier days, when ambition inspired,
With ardour young Angus had glory desired,
And oft he had burned on his country's proud foe
His bold martial spirit and prowess to show;—
Alas! as the means to supply daily bread,
His thoughts to the army were now again led;
No visions of fame now his sad eye could see,
For low in the ranks he unnoted must be!

To Emma his project had ne'er been confessed,
He feared to disturb the fond peace of her breast;
Yet want by the bounty might straight be relieved—
At length he performs what he long had conceived—
Enrols—and his premium brings Emma.—Amazed
On him and his treasure alternate she gazed,

To his bonnet then fearfully raises her eyes,
And warmth from her shuddering heart instantly flies.

Long, long, when to life and reflection recalled,
The thought of his bondage her bosom appalled.
At length resolution o'ercame her despair,
And steeled that soft bosom all hardships to bear.
By them, who so lately had indigence borne,
A soldier's poor pay was received with no scorn;
And Emma by industry still made it more,
And thus banished want from their low peaceful door.

No longer is Angus seen wrapped in his plaid,
His fine manly form is more fully displayed :
Tho' many fine forms in gay scarlet have shone,
His, in grace, or in dignity, yielded to none !—
Emma could not her warm admiration deny,
Though she gazed on his martial array with a sigh ;

And her eye tearful dwelt on those weapons of pain,
In her tender mind, of his species the bane.

Not long in the ranks he unnoticed had been,
Till his Colonel himself had remarked his fine mien,
And often had courteously spoken or moved,
To show that his promptness and zeal he approved;
Again hope illumined his dark glancing eye,
As dreams of preferment would sometimes flit by :
Meantime his proud spirit to duty was broke,
Like a noble steed harnessed and bent to the yoke.

Now humbly contented they sometime had lived,
When orders for moving the regiment received ;
The loss of their country they little bewail,
And for Erin's green coast are contented to sail.
No sooner on shipboard had Angus embarked,
Than his Colonel, brave Hackman, he joyful remarked ;



And hope in his bosom rekindled that ray,
Which faintly at times o'er his heart now would play.

Our lovers (yet lovers! will this be believed?)
Not long by the Colonel remained unperceived;
His admiring eye rivets on Emma's fair form,
And her husband he greets in most friendly terms warm;—
His zeal now to serve them seemed kind and sincere,
With interest the tale of their loves did he hear:
He Emma's affection did strongly commend,
And vowed that in him they should still find a friend.

How clear seems the sky! how salubrious the gales!
How delightful the ocean! how smooth the ship sails!
While hope, vivid hope, the dejected heart cheers,
And bright thro' her vista the future appears!—
The Colonel still kind, condescending, and free,
Oft hinted promotion soon Angus should see—

Meantime would fair Emma but lend him her hand,
And his seamstress become when in Ireland they land?

They land. — Time rolls on. — Still the Colonel is kind,
He provides Emma business, and pays to her mind ;
To direct her performance excuses he makes,
And oftentimes his way to her dwelling betakes :
But her husband's advancement is strangely deferred —
Her mind sometimes broods on a dark thought abhorred,
Which must ever lie hid in her own heart alone —
No suspicion, no hint of her fears dare she own.

But now an event with fair Emma takes place,
Which every dark thought from her mind should efface ;
A sweet lovely infant now fills her fond arms,
In which its fond father beholds all her charms ! —
Another dear Emma now Angus possesses !
How often the mother and infant he blesses !

raptured he hangs o'er his heart's only treasures,
those objects of all its fond wishes and pleasures.

When Emma recovered. Her babe smiled and grew,
but grief seemed to weigh down her spirit anew !
The roses have all from her pallid cheeks flown—
Her tears are shed silent, and mournful, alone—
When to share in her sorrow her kind husband presses,
He feigns 'tis sad thoughts of her father distresses ;
But well he can see that she opens not her breast,
And her grief, and concealment, both prey on his rest.

Though still Colonel Hackman appears his best friend,
Yet still to his promise he fails to attend !
And time o'er his head slowly lags in deep gloom,
For still Emma's grief seems her heart to consume !
One day home from duty he hastily came,
Ascending the stairs he was roused by a scream,

He rushed to the chamber, by terror impelled,
But terror by rage in his bosom was quelled.

There, struggling with Hackman, his Emma he sees,
Who, pleading his passion, had sunk on his knees —
The pale trembling victim he freed from his grasp,
And flung him apart, like a venomous asp!
The traitor had instant recourse to his sword,
Made a pass at the husband — by him long abhorred —
But soon he was forced with his weapon to part,
Which Angus could now have plunged deep in his heart.

He paused in his rage, and a moment he stood —
His antagonist fallen, disarmed, and subdued —
Ever noble! his mind e'en in passion's dark hour,
Bids him spare the opponent, fate yields to his power:
Live, caitiff! he said, and repent of thy crimes,
But bethink thee of this, and of this too, sometimes:

his cane he applied to his back o'er and o'er,
spurned him away, with his foot, from his door.

As now first from Emma indignant he learned
deep hidden grief which her heart had concerned,
Hackman his passion had long for her shown,
though his baseness, to him, she had feared to make
known ;

knew his high temper, impetuous, and bold,
his meanness and vice he no measures could hold,
just indignation he might have given way —
had feared that his life for contempt might repay.

vile tale of treachery scarce had been heard,
when they both were aroused by the sight of a guard :
prison for Angus ! — how great the alarm !
Against his superior he dared lift his arm.
" acknowledge the fact," he exultingly said,
himself and his power I despise — but ne'er dread,

His life I bestowed him — Oh fatal gift vain !
This vilest of cowards — to mankind a stain !”

The wailings of Emma were heard all around,
She clung to her husband in agony drowned ;
To share in his prison then eagerly prest ; —
The soldiers, though pitying, refuse her request :
He calmly surrenders, despising his fate,
And walks to the guard-house his sentence to wait :
She follows, though distant, her eyes fixed on him,
Her babe on her bosom, and trembling each limb.

Each day for admittance she vainly applied,
All access to the prisoner was strictly denied ;
A court martial his punishment soon must award,
And 'tis whispered and dreaded his case will go hard.
Colonel Hackman is mad with resentment and rage,
Which nothing, 'tis feared, save his blood can assuage !



Some think the fair Emma might pardon obtain ;
But Emma, e'en life, as *his* gift would disdain.

At length the court sat on the crime in debate ;
There Hackman, his heart gnawed by dark concealed
 hate,
Did so garble the truth, and so artfully screen,
Not a chance of acquittance for Angus was seen : —
“ For a slight piece of gallantry paid to his wife,
The man, he averred, had attempted his life ;
Had not his good sword, as was wont, stood his friend,
On the instant his days had been brought to an end !

There were whispers abroad — but who dared to breathe
A doubt of the Colonel's high honour or faith ?
The law awards death for the crime, as thus stated,
Yet some have their doubts it is much aggravated ! —
But a fair apparition in court now appears,
A female, all lovely, though pale in her tears !

Tall — slight — scarcely entered the morning of life —

None, sure, would have thought her a mother or wife !

Her native timidity seems to have flown —

She dignified stands — scarcely blushing, alone —

The cause of her present intrusion declared,

And modestly begged by the court to be heard —

Then simply, but firmly, she stated her cause,

Superior to shame, or to fear, or applause !

And eloquent nature each heart made her own,

As truth irresistibly from her lips shone.

Tw'as the Colonel alone who had drawn forth his blade,

And her husband but wrested it from him, she said ; —

How the eyes of her auditors glistened and blazed,

When forgetting their presence his prowess she praised

The man who to wrong him so grossly had dared,

When alone, in his power, he, magnanimous, spared !

And only his cane did most liberally use—
The Colonel, she hoped, would her candour excuse.

“ Shall a soldier,” she said, “ his own life not defend?
Must a soldier his wife to base infamy lend ?
No, gentlemen — No, you will yield him applause,
And now deign to plead in wronged innocence’ cause.”
Unconscious she raised her fair hand as in pride —
“ His station the vengeance of honour denied,
And if he too roughly applied his ratan,
So provoked, to do less, had been sure *less* than man.”

Ashamed of her pride, and her warmth, she stops short,
And gracefully reverent, bends low to the court —
Live roses all over her fair cheeks have blown,
She bends once again, and the vision is flown!—
Confounded, her auditors sat in amaze;
On the spot she had stood they continued to gaze;

Tho' gone, every eye on the fair form is dwelling,
Every heart, in her cause, long is burning and swelling.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

ELOPEMENT, &c.

PART III.

TAKE thy harp, now, my Anna, the old lady said,

Let my soul be a while on its melody fed —

As o'er me its sweet soothing influence is shed,

My mind on my story shall brood!

Could I picture events as o'er memory they pass,

Richly glowing and coloured in that lucid glass —

But vain is the wish, and presumptuous, alas!

Uncultured my verse is, and rude!

To Erin's sweet harp all unworthy to flow —

But my heart at the sound shall enkindle and glow,

Its soft plaintive tones shall awaken that woe,

Which now o'er my members must roll !
O, could I but give them a voice worthy thine !
Sweet warbler of Tara, when bards were divine !
My strain with that blest inspiration should shine,
Which thy own hallowed minstrels oft stole !

'Tis long ere the Court can to trial proceed,
But death for the prisoner no more is decreed ;
Tho', alas ! he from punishment cannot get clear :
O, discipline warlike ! how strict and severe !
Against his superior he dared raise his arm—
Such proceedings, unpunished, creates an alarm—
A precedent, if sanctioned, none knows where it leads—
Still each heart, save but one, in his cause strongly
pleads.

But rage and revenge still torment Hackman's breast,
Though carefully each outward sign is repressed ;

And when his smooth speech is set forth in the cause,
'Tis the good of the army he pleads, and its laws :
Those laws for the crime, as now stated, provide,
Yet the Court debate long ere by those they abide,
For they doom *flagellation* — that murder of soul —
To Britons, free born, worse than death's darkest scroll.

At length 'tis decreed — that base punishment ! vile,
At which most the hearts of the bravest recoil —
How Emma, with all her vain pleadings decry,
And wish she had left her loved husband to die.
Wretched wife ! at the news how her countenance swells !
'Gainst the world and its laws how her bosom rebels !
To that world not a phrase is in agony given,
But her proud gloomy eye fixes silent on heaven ;

In motionless, heart-rending, tearless despair —
It pierces the clouds — Is there peace for her there ?

All justice from earth is, she thinks, fled away,
And her husband dishonoured, on earth shall not stay:
To infamy's lash that loved body consigned,
Arouses each impulse of strength in her mind —
Her heart, all so tender, pronounces his doom!
And her eye in the heav'ns now beholds but his tomb.

Next day 'tis decreed to the lash he must bend;
She petitions this night in his prison to spend.
And now to befriend her each officer vied;
Admittance no longer, to her, was denied:
Alas, what a night! — not of madness, nor grief —
Nor rage — nor revenge — those had all been relief —
'Tis the spirit o'erwhelmed, and indignant, that pains —
Not the body alone, but the mind too in chains.

What whispers of agony, love, and despair,
Stifled sobs, and deep groans, stole that night thro'
the air!

These affectionate sighings were oftentimes o'erheard
By the ear of their wakeful and hard-hearted guard :
So beloved was young Angus, those guards placed around
Partook his affliction in silence profound ;
And oft down their rugged cheeks streamed the warm
tear,
As Emma's low wailings stole soft on their ear.

At length 'tis resolved they their prisoner will free,
Tho' aware for such conduct they punished shall be —
Not long on the matter they stop to debate,
But egress from prison they offer him straight ; —
Tears had not before deigned to visit his eyes !
But now, unawares, they flow forth in surprise !
Their generous offer, most grateful, he owns —
But for honour, with him, there is nothing atones !

“ Myself to the service I willingly bound,
To break my engagements I ne'er shall be found :

They have wounded my spirit, and trampled my
 Yet, friends, from my post I will never desert!
 But, my comrades, one favour I fain would request
 Which might lighten the load that now weighs on
 breast."

To perform it they swear, e'en before 'tis made kn
 And beg him his wishes unfearing to own.

" You behold these cursed shackles — denied e'en a
 And yet there are actions which both might demand
 Were my manacles loosened, my hands but left fr
 You perceive, friends, they still shall seem fettered t
 No further inquiry the prompt soldiers made,
 But each to unrivet his hands lent an aid :
 In Emma's dark eye mental agonies roll —
 And it strains, as 'twould pierce to his innermost

" Oh, Emma! I see thy demand in thy eye,
 But make it not, love, for I must thee deny —

Be ignorant of all that is now passing here—
As thou know'st I must die, triumph nobly o'er fear."
"Thou wilt die then," she screamed, "and leave me
here behind!

O cruel! is this what engages thy mind?
Thy love for our infant would now prove my bane,
But without thee I will not — I *cannot* remain."

"Twas thus, in affliction, that long night stole by,
'Till morning scow'd forth with a dark wat'ry eye,
As tearful the youth by her brightness to pain,
Whose base degradation she brings in her train:
But hope, with her light, 'wakes in Emma's sad breast—
By Hackman their sufferings might yet be redressed;
To move his hard heart she will try, were the worst,
Should her own, by the effort with agony burst.

The dread hour arrived— all the regiment drawn out—
In silence and sadness — no music or rout,

But the prisoner led forth by a strong chosen band,
Who must justice enforce, should he dare to withstand!
Some doubts had arisen of his ready compliance —
His eye held the language of haughty defiance —
It yet beams contempt, and a bold disregard
Of all which they now are prepared to award.

See Hackman, exulting, o'er all domineers,
Revenge lights his eyes, and his dark bosom cheers!
When, lo! at his feet a fair mourner essays
His feelings to interest, his pity to raise.
Now eagerly pleading—low humbled she's kneeling,
Hands and eyes raised to heaven, to it's justice appealing,
Each manly eye waters — each heart feels her sway,
Save his, whose proud head turns in triumph away.

A voice now resounds through the echoing skies —
“ Degrade thyself not — rise — I charge thee to rise !”

Electric, all eyes on the prisoner were turned;
Each heart bounded forward, and panted, and burned.
“ Stand clear, friends! — rise, woman!”—again loudly
thundered;
A ball, whizzing, passed — from an arm that ne’er
blundered,
Sent right to its mark, where the ranks stood apart,
It entered, and centered, in Hackman’s black heart*!

The proud is laid low — but beside him is falling
That fair slender woman — O sight most appalling! —
“ Is Emma too murdered?” ’tis blood that appears!
His heart dares not own — dares not harbour its fears;—
He flies to her aid — none his passage opposes —
In a moment her head on his bosom reposes;
But, alas! not a ray her faint beamless eye warms —
Cold! cold is that form which he bears in his arms.

* Angus had snatched a loaded musket from one of his comrades.

The spirit of Hackman just struggles in life,
With pain and with death holding evident strife—
On Angus his glaring and phrensied eyes roll,
Who spares not a look from the wife of his soul!
He sees her fair neck deeply wounded, and bleeding,
But warmth at her heart is to hope faintly leading—
Now Hackman's dark spirit in agony flies—
One phrensied look more—Lo! one struggle—he
dies!

The husband, by hope and fear equally swayed,
Would bear his belov'd forth for medical aid;
But orders are issued his steps to restrain,
A prisoner, in custody, yet to remain.—
At this his dark eyeballs in mad fury glare!
“Lay hold of me not! friends, I charge you beware—
He instantly dies, would my progress oppose—
Add not to my crimes—Oh, my friends! be not foes.”

“ Do they fear that from justice I thus mean to fly ?
Have I aught on this earth now to do, but to die ?
O, let this dear angel for succour be borne,
And piece-meal, next moment, I bear to be torn !”
He snatched at a bayonet, and waved it around,
One arm about Emma still carefully wound —
His shoulder a safe pillow formed for her head,
And thus through the ranks with his treasure he fled.

Like an angel just banished from mansions of light,
Whom sin first has stamped with a foul mortal
 blight ;
Though darkened, yet awful — sublimed by his birth,
Still, dimly superior, he treads on the earth !
Thus terribly fierce, irresistibly grand !
’Tis Angus alone seems the whole to command —
Not a man to oppose his swift progress desires,
Such awe, love, and pity, his misery inspires.

From his arms his lov'd burden he did not release,
"Till here, in *this chamber*, he laid her at peace!
You marvel, my daughter — this house of your fear
Then an hospital was — and poor Emma lay here!
"Twas *here* to the surgeon he oft did commend her,
And *here* he wept o'er her in agony tender;
Then firmly and mildly the laws he obeyed,
And a prisoner, in irons, again fast was laid.

There in silence he thought of his Emma and child;
He thought too of Hackman — Oh blame not — he
 smiled

That flogging, perforce, must be now changed to death;
To justice he now owes his forfeited breath! —
Emma's wound, when examined, not mortal is found,
It might speedily heal, kept in calmness profound —
Alas! 'tis the wound in her soul requires healing —
"Tis that which her life from existence is stealing.

One day, at her pallet, an old man appears,
Whose grief seems to weigh down his frame, more than
years :

She feels his moist tears on her hot fevered cheek !
She looks — 'tis her father ! — he needs not to speak —
She trembles, and shrinks, in the wildness of dread,
From his eye she endeavours to screen her weak head ;
Till exhausted, her life seems at length at its close,
And senseless she lies, overwhelmed by her woes.

“ Oh, my child ! my dear child ! is thy tender life flown ?
Wretched parent ! what now for thy crimes can atone ?
’Twas I threw this bud to a blighting world’s power,
Which has blasted its freshness and withered its core.”
As life is returning shame’s blushes confound,
For the eye of her father she fearful looks round.
Soon, soon in his bosom, is nestled her head —
A moment, she fancies all troubles have fled !

"I have sorrowing sought thee, my daughter," he cried,

"Thou dear murdered victim of avarice and pride!

O, canst thou thy fond erring father forgive,

And for his guilty sake yet endeavour to live?"

"Forgive thee, my father! — What words do I hear?

Disobedient and guilty! — e'en now in my ear

Sounds that curse, which must ever such crimes as

mine brand!

But, alas! I no longer would *live in the land.*"

"O had I, my child, some days sooner arrived,

Not thus of all hope had your mind been deprived;

My appearance had struck on your Colonel's base heart,

And revealed a foul scene of deception and art.

'Tis long since I heard of your station obscure,

And your husband's promotion wrote then to secure,

For which an equivalent I straight did devote;

'Twas to Hackman I foolishly confident wrote.

But mark the effects of my sternness and pride !
My name, in the business, from you I would hide —
And thus on the Colonel alone did depend,
That he, and he only, might seem to befriend !
Time flies, and I no satisfaction obtain —
Impatient, to Hackman I oft wrote again —
My heart in suspense long was withering away,
E'er hither I came, its fond calls to obey.

“At your flight, though enraged, soon I felt as a father—
Past proofs of affection still memory would gather —
In this world, or its treasures, no longer I joyed —
My soul with its wealth was encumbered, and cloyed.
Thy childhood, thy womanhood, rose on my mind ;
'Twas in vain that I strove nature's ties to unbind !
My heart still thy image would hold, and caress ! —
O live then, my daughter, these grey hairs to bless !”

She spoke not, but mournfully waving her head,
She raised up her babe, that beside her was laid,
And presenting her child to the old man's caress —
“ God grant,” she said, “ ~~she~~ may thy hoary head bless.”
“ She too shall be mine,” greatly moved, he replied;
“ O how guilty I've been!” o'er the infant he sighed.
“ We all have been guilty,” emphatic, she said,
“ And all will be punished — O punishment! dread.”

Long Angus a prisoner in ionic fast bound,
Awaited his doom in submission profound;
For human assistance he turned not his eyes,
But steadily fixed on his Maker relies!
To Him in his sorrow with fervour he prayed,
From Him, in strong faith, he sought pardon and aid;
And if a sad thought to his wife oft is given,
His soul, all resigned, now finds refuge in heaven!

t wife! — wretched wife! on her sick bed still lying,
olds but her husband, pale, martyred, and dying —
life-blood she sees! and his death-shot she hears!
n from earth she seeks heaven in the midst of her
fears :

there, even there, 'tis her husband she sees!
fancies all past, which the rack'd spirit frees —
| tho' her sad soul flies for succour to Heaven —
to him, and him only, that fond soul is given!

length all is over — the trial is past —
death he expected awaits him at last —
| Emma's faint life is fast withering away;
can scarce, it appears, see his last fatal day:
the wound in her neck has been gradually healing,
it touched not the tendon which vibrates to feeling.
s! 'tis the wound in her soul has o'ercome!
| steals her from life to the cold silent tomb.

One morn her dear husband's pale form stood before her—
In silence; she sees it bend mournfully o'er her!
She thinks it a vision her fancy has wove,
And breathless she gazes, not daring to move!
Long, long o'er the figure her dim eyes revolve,
Ere once to address it her heart can resolve,
Lest the dear apparition should vanish away —
But it sighs! — and that sigh speaks a heart made of clay!

Her mind thus awaked from its feverish delusion,
Drew thence, but too sure, the appalling conclusion;
'Twas he — he himself! come to take a last look!
Each nerve at the thought was with agony shook —
Her heart, which so often had toll'd his last knell,
Now could not — nor would not, pronounce its farewell.
Against separation so strongly it 'rose,
Instant death, it appeared, would the dark struggle
close.

Her husband addressed her in accents of woe —

“ Oh Emma, my love! all thy fortitude show —

I had hoped thou wouldst now for this stroke be
prepared,

My spirit around thee shall hover and guard.” —

“ And think'st thou, unkind, that I could thee outlive?

Our God, in his mercy, will weakness forgive ;

When, dreadful ! the last shot has entered thy core,

That instant my life on the earth will be o'er.

’Tis for this, and this only, I now linger here —

I will list to that shot, it can here reach my ear —

That moment my soul will desert this frail shrine,

And mingle its essence for ever with thine !

How firm to receive that last shot thou wilt kneel ! —

Thy heart, still undaunted, the stroke scarce shall feel ;

But thy spirit to God thou wilt humbly commend,

And mine its weak aid to that last pray’r shall lend !”

“ Dear Emma, strength and thy fortitude summon.”—

—“ O talk not of strength — I am woman — weak
woman,—

I see life and health o’er this lov’d form now glow,
Which in less than an hour may, perhaps, be laid low;
Then death, fearful death, shall congeal every limb;
Then these eyes I now view, will be lifeless and dim!
This belov’d visage frightful—cold damps on this brow—
— Oh! who talks of strength, or of fortitude now?”

“ But hark! my love, hark!— ’tis the sound of the drum!
They come — Oh! to tear thee from me now they come!
’Tis to death! — in a moment I see thee no more.”
Exhausted her strength, and her life now seemed o’er,
But convulsive she strained him in agonized clasp,
And struggling, in silence, retained her firm grasp —
In vain reason urged him to slip from her heart —
She holds as determined no more they shall part.

Now a quick coming footstep approaching was heard —
a moment it past where stood weeping the guard,
And before the sad pair their old reverend sire stood,
His air all undaunted, his heart unsubdued !
"Come, children," he said, " to your God be resign'd ;
To grieve at His will, is both impious and blind !
That *that bless'd will be done*" be your firm humble pray'r,
And for life, or for death, now as Christians prepare."

Her hands dropp'd their hold, and were lifted to

Heaven —

Her words to her trembling convulsed lips were given !
But Angus, whose courage no change could abate,
Said, " *Blessed*, I now am resigned to my fate."
The old man then strove with his child to condole,
But, alas ! not a word reached her grief-benumb'd soul,
Nor did he in her sorrow much sympathy show,
Nor joy seemed to beam from his old wrinkled brow.

Not a symptom of life her pale still form displayed,
One moment, and all might be too long delayed —
He raised, then, his voice, and distinct in his tone,
Said, “ Children, a pardon is come from the Crown.”
A shrill scream of rapture was heard from that bed,
Whose inmate an instant before had seem'd dead ;
She attempts her weak head from the pillow to raise,
But life's feeble flame in her bosom decays.

The parent, and husband, in equal dismay,
Believe the blest spirit has sought realms of day !
In the body no ray of existence they see —
And shuddering they wait Nature's final decree ! —
Long, long had they waited in direful alarm,
E'er slow fluttering life to the clay lent its charm !
No thought on his freedom had Angus yet cast,
His fears for his Emma all future hopes blast.

At length her weak eye opens timid — inquiring —
rests on her father, as fearing — desiring —
she cannot her bliss for an instant postpone,
but again says, “ *A pardon is brought from the Crown !*”
A memorial, my son, of your hard case I made,
on which all your officers lent a prompt aid,
and straight to the King was the statement made known;
may blessings for ever attend on his throne !”

I hid these proceedings, dear children, from you,
lest hope in your bosoms rekindled anew,
disappointment's dark fang should relentlessly tear,
and leave your sad hearts sunk in deeper despair.”
-Now bright tears of transport are Emma's eyes
pouring,
her heart to her God is on rapture's wing soaring,
and while the *great fountain of mercy* it blesses,
prayer for her sovereign it, grateful, addresses.

And Angus, who nobly misfortune had spurned,
Now softened, and melted, with gratitude burned !—
How oft he repeats, in his joy's wild excess,
“ O live ! live, my Emma, thy husband to bless !”
Serenely joy beams o'er the reverend old man,
His heart and his life she does kindle and fan :
But still to his own Highland hills his mind strays
With steadier eye, there to bask in her blaze.

Behold them again o'er those Highland hills straying,
The fresh mountain breeze in their artless locks playing,
While memory does only on past troubles glance,
Their present pure joys to contrast and enhance :
Tho' born with such passions as oftentimes destroy,
Now Angus, so tempered by misery's alloy,
Does humble, and thankful, his life spend in peace,
While wisdom and virtue progressive increase.

“ In a rural retreat there he dwells with his love,
Where his heart’s pure affection he hourly does prove,
And there they supremely are blest in their fate!
Superior to poor little pageants of state —
No gold or rich gems in their peaceful cot shine,
But sweet *living buds* ’round its happy hearth twine;
And the hearts of their parents are Love’s own retreat,
While the life-pulse within them retains vital heat.”

Inspirer of thought! while the mind is o’erflowing,
May the hearts thou hast formed be with thankfulness
glowing:

And, oh! be the Muse that good seed ever sowing,

Thy bounty has graciously given.

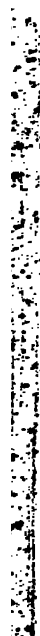
Kind Author of all those blest feelings of love,
To thee may they flow, and our gratitude prove,
Till we join with thy sanctified spirits above,
And hymn forth thy praises in heaven.

The lady here ceased — then the harp's touching sound
Rung soothingly mournful the chamber around —
The sighs of young Anna but faintly it drowned,
Which yet from her softened heart stole ; —
Still over the strings her fair bending form hung,
While her trembling hand carelessly o'er them she flung,
And responsive to feeling they thrillingly rung,
As crowding thoughts rose on her soul.

D Y M P N A :

AN

IRISH LEGEND.



DYMPNA :

AN

IRISH LEGEND.

O THOU, in sense and knowledge rich,
For whom I strike the simple string—
Could its wild numbers reach thy heart,
Or aught to thee of joy impart,
With transport, and delight, I'd sing.

An ancient story caught my eye,
And straight my thoughts were turn'd to thee:
I'll form this lay to please thy ear,
To thee, I think, it will be dear,
If e'er so simply sung by me.

Twelve hundred times have Erin's fields
Renewed their fragrance and their green,
Since in her father's royal court,
Of barbarous chiefs the gay resort,
Was beauteous blooming Dymuna seen.

The age was dark, no light from heav'n
Illum'd the pagan monarch's sway —
His passions raged without control,
For in his dark and savage soul
Religion shed no cheering ray.

The Gospel light yet faintly smiled
O'er these rough regions of the north,
Through Erin's wilds some scattered gleams
Shed o'er rude life their cheering beams,
Betokening gladness to the earth.

Fair Dymuna's soul was pure and mild
As evening skies by Sol arrayed ;
A Saint who journeyed through the land,
To spread the Christian precepts bland,
Had taught, baptized, and blest the maid.

Each day, each hour, showed some new charm,
As nature to perfection wrought,
While beauty's most endearing smiles,
And all affection's artless wiles,
Engaged the partial father's thought.

Ride out, he said, my warriors bold,
Ride through each province of my land,
And see what hero of renown,
Or sovereign prince that wears a crown,
Shall claim my beauteous daughter's hand.

His warriors rode from north to south,
E'en to the borders of the land,
And many chiefs and heroes came,
And princes owned an ardent flame,
And sighed for lovely Dymuna's hand.

But none the king's consent could gain,
For none seemed worthy of the fair —
True, through all Erin's favoured isle,
Where beauty sheds her sweetest smile,
No maiden could with her compare.

O beauty, dubious gift of Heaven!
Thou lead'st to woe more oft than rest :
To Dymuna fatal was thy light,
For, oh! those charms, which all were bright,
With passion filled her sire's dark breast.

No law of God, nor law of man,
This barbarous despot e'er controlled,
His steps still urged by passion's force,
Unawed he held his impious course,
Though wretched victims round him howled.

“ My daughter, fairest of her sex,”
Revolving in his thoughts, he said ;
“ My former spouse long dead has been,
“ Then why not make her my own queen ?
“ Thus still retain the peerless maid.”

Soon he resolves — and Dympna hears —

O ! fainting hears the dreadful sounds :
“ My father's wife ! ” — in horror she
Reviews th' inflexible decree,
And stern despair her heart surrounds.

For months o'erwhelmed in deepest woe,
To shun her doom each art she tries,
But nought the tyrant's soul can move,
He pleads his passion, boasts his love,
Mistaking still great Nature's ties.

Rousing from grief at length, she says,
" To incest shall I e'er agree ?
" Alas ! the king I must beguile,
" Must stoop to stratagem the while,
" That from his power I may get free.

" Oh ! did he but demand my death,
" With joy I'd flee the stroke to meet,
" Beneath his blade my neck would lay,
" Still for my cruel parent pray,
" And leave my body at his feet."

A respite then she feigning asks —

She prays for forty days' delay ;

And that mean-time she may be seen

Drest as becomes his royal queen,

She begs apparel rich and gay.

The king transported heard the news :

“ Prepare the richest robes,” he cried,

“ With massy gold and diamonds rare,

“ That none in splendour may compare,

“ As none in beauty, with my bride,”

Then for her good old priest she sends,

To whom her woes she can confide ;

She tells him she must leave the land,

And thus evade her sire's command,

And prays him to become her guide.

Now darkness broods o'er hall and tower,
And savage warriors taste repose ;
But, oh ! sweet maid, sleep flies from thee,
'Tis now thy destined hour to flee,
Thy harass'd mind no respite knows.

See now the castle gates unbarred,
And forth four figures softly glide ;
A friendly harper and his wife,
Would share their princess' fate through life —
The good old priest, too, is her guide.

Thick clouds the gloomy night o'ercast,
The moon a wading journey bore,
Yet by her faint and doubtful ray
Our wanderers held their secret way,
And reach'd at last the looked for shore.

A ready bark was there prepared,
And now behold them stem the waves ;
The maiden's thoughts were sad to tell,
As looking to the land farewell,
The perils of the deep she braves.

“ O lovely land,” she inward sighs,
“ Where once a mother's love caressed,
“ Where once, in childhood's happy days,
“ I basked in hope's fallacious rays,
“ And in a father's arms was blest.

“ *A father's arms !* O sick'ning thought !
“ E'en filial love a crime appears :
“ I dare not feel a daughter's heart,
“ Lest in the guilt I bear a part :
“ 'Tis this distress that domineers.”

Such thoughts as these her bosom wrung,
On leaving Erin's verdant shore,
And many a prayer to heaven she raised,
For that sweet isle on which she gazed,
And wept to think she'd gaze no more.

Strongly the gale blows from the shore,
And soon the island disappears;
Alas! each hour augments the blast,
A furious tempest howls at last,
And boldest seamen own their fears.

Now high in air the vessel swings,
Upon th' uncertain billows borne,
Now plunging headlong down the steep,
She seems engulfed in waves to sleep,
And hopeless mortals loudly mourn.

The maiden's soul is unappall'd !

She longs to rest beneath the wave :
As angels view the mortal strife,
She views the blast that threatens life,
And pities those who fear a grave !

But, ah ! fair maid, though worthy heaven,
Thou can'st not yet from earth get free ;
Thou first must meet thy father, dread,
While guilt shall thicken round his head,
But Providence will pity thee.

At length the furious tempest spent,
Our shattered vessel gains a port :
In Antwerp now our travellers rest,
Where nature's wants are soon redrest,
For here their sojourn is but short.

The pious maid retirement sought,
To God her life she had ordained —
Devotion strict, and fervent prayer,
Shall be her constant, only care —
’Tis thus lost peace may be regained.

With this intent the woods she sought,
There soon was reared a sheltering cell,
In Zammale’s thicket, calm retreat,
Far from a world with crimes replete,
She and her faithful followers dwell.

There let us leave them safe, my friend,
And view fair Erin once again ;
See how the king’s mad fury burns,
When first his daughter’s flight he learns,
For passion is this tyrant’s bane.



He searches, bribes, and he inquires,
And offers large rewards in vain ;
Not one his princess would betray,
Or lend his hopes a quick'ning ray,
The world's vast wealth to gain !

Three months a fruitless search was held :

At length the bribe a traitor woos !
A foreign sailor knew the maid,
And to the king her route betrayed,
Who straight the fugitive pursues.

He and his train at Antwerp land,
When strict inquiry is renewed ;
But useless still appears his toil,
The maid in her retreat the while
Seems all discovery to elude.

No pleasure could the Muse impart,
By painting how he sought and toiled,
How oft he thought to gain the fair,
And oft relinquished in despair
The cherished hope that had beguiled.

Nor need she say what luckless chance
Led him some Irish coin to spy,
Where his own image when he viewed,
With ardour he the chase renewed —
The sequel sure must claim a sigh.

Inquiring whence the Irish gold,
A joyful tale salutes his ear —
A maiden, fairer than the light,
Lives in a forest far from sight,
With three friends who her exile share.

Quickly his soldiers scour the woods,

Where soon the hunted deer they gain,

And now the trembler stands at bay —

The dogs of war surround their prey,

And all resistance is in vain !

The dreaded hour at last arrives,

The maiden triumphs o'er her fate,

In sweet religious prospects blest,

The grave alone can bring her rest —

She views it with a soul sedate.

The king approaches : in soft phrase

He thus accosts his daughter mild —

“ My only child, my Dympna dear,

“ Why wilt thou thus thy father fear,

“ Who long for thee has grieved and toiled ?

“ Thou dearest treasure of my heart,

“ Why wilt thou thus thy rank forego ?

“ Why thus the fondest sire disown,

“ Despise his regal state and throne,

“ And doom his days to keenest woe ?

“ How couldst thou leave thy native land,

“ Where rapture and enjoyment feast ?

“ Canst thou so meek, so soft and mild,

“ Renounce the duty of a child,

“ And follow this old baldhead priest ?

“ Consent, my love, return with me,

“ Nor more dispute thy sire’s command ;

“ Thou shalt be queen, and raised e’en higher

“ Than proud ambition could aspire,

“ No princess in thy rank shall stand.”

The priest preventing her reply,

Returned bold answer to the king :

“ Incestuous wretch ! vile pagan ! no,

“ She ne’er along with you shall go,

“ I rather here her knell would ring !”

He turning to the maiden, said :

“ I charge thee, princess, on thy life,

“ Let not his treacherous language soothe,

“ Though Lucifer his speech should smooth,

“ To tempt thee to become his wife !”

Mad, now, with rage, the furious king

Demanded vengeance on the priest :

“ Drag him aside, and in his stead

“ Let me have here the traitor’s head,

“ That I on it my eyes may feast !”

Again he to the princess says :

- “ How canst thou see thy sire thus moved ?
“ Yield to my suit without delay,
“ And come from this vile place away,
“ Thou know’st how greatly thou’rt beloved.”

Indignant thus the maid replies —

- “ Think’st thou with thee I thus could live ?
“ Sooner with beasts of prey I’d rest,
“ With howling wolves would be more blest,
“ Than with the splendour thou could’st give.
“ Thou’st slain the Lord’s anointed priest;
“ And would’st thou now his vengeance shun,
“ Repent, repent ere ’tis too late,
“ And strive to mitigate thy fate,
“ Ere yet thy earthly course be run.

“ Think not to draw me into sin :

“ Lost pagan ! know — I fear not thee —

“ Wreak now thy vengeance, — prove thy power ;

“ The body though thou should’st devour,

“ The soul shall triumph, blest and free !”

“ Audacious wretch !” he madly cries,

“ Guards, lay the daring trait’ress low !”

Prompt at the word the soldiers rush,

Behold their princess with a blush —

And none presumes to strike the blow.

Firm in her soul the maiden stands,

Her lovely face by faith inspired ;

The soldiers with their weapons raised,

Melted as silently they gazed —

Then awfully some steps retired.

Her snowy hands to Heaven were raised,
Her heart had silent prayer begun,
But now that heart has ceased to feel —
The tyrant grasped the murdering steel,
And soon the bloody deed was done.

A while contemplates he his work,
Nature's bright masterpiece laid low ; —
That brilliant eye now beams no more,
That lovely form now sleeps in gore,
Like purest wreath of new fallen snow.

Repentance, gift of pitying Heaven !
Thou touch'dst not this lost pagan's breast —
Thou angel! sent to Christian times
To purge weak mortals of their crimes,
And leave them not by hope unblest.

Not long he viewed the frightful scene,

But to the town pursued his way,

And soon for Erin's coast he sailed,

Where none his absence had bewailed,

To hold again detested sway.

The good old harper and his wife

A solemn duty now fulfilled,

The rites of sepulture they gave

To those they would have died to save,

Whilst sorrow's stream their hearts distilled.

Within one grave, in Zammale's shade,

Repose the princess and the priest—

The weeping birch and willow there

Still wave their pliant arms in air,

Perpetual sadness to attest!

"Tis there you'd hear spring's feathery train
To mournful warblings tunc their throats,
And various birds of solemn song
Renew their plaint the night live long,
While echoes sadden at the notes.

But, oh! 'twas there that Erin's harp
A soul to sorrow often gave,
And pour'd such warblings on the wind,
As pity's melting bosom kind
Breathes o'er a kindred angel's grave.

The harper still at morning's dawn
A solemn dirge to Heaven would ring!
And there, when evening browned the plain,
His hand would sweep the wires again,
A requiem o'er the dead to sing.

Think now, my friend, thou hear'st those strains
That to the woods did sweets impart ;
Unlike this simple lay of mine,
They thrill thy soul at every line,
And melt thy manly feeling heart.

Note.—The bodies of Dymuna and the priest were afterwards sought for, and taken over to Ireland, where Dymuna was canonized: she is still honoured as a saint in the Irish Calendar.

THE END.



ERRATA.

Page	13, line	8, <i>for</i> whispers	<i>read</i> whisper.
—	27, —	7, <i>for</i> sorrows	<i>read</i> sorrow.
—	73, —	3, <i>for</i> fill	<i>read</i> gild.
—	104, —	4, <i>for</i> which	<i>read</i> where.
—	131, —	9, <i>for</i> with	<i>read</i> will.
—	135, —	13, <i>for</i> were	<i>read</i> ere.
—	148, —	1, <i>for</i> "dear Emma strength,"	<i>read</i> "dear Emma thy strength."
—	160, —	14, <i>for</i> were	<i>read</i> owned.

Handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is illegible due to the quality of the scan and the orientation of the handwriting.





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